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THE NATION'S POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor

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ROPING IN A DESPERADO.

TWO BOLD HUNTRESSES OF THE WILDS OF WEST VIRGINIA, CONQUER AND CAPTURE A DESPERADO IN THE MOUNTAINS AND LEAD HIM IN TRIUMPH TO THE GRAFTON LOCK-UP.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE POLICE GAZETTE IN TEXAS.

The hypocritical element having gained such power in Texas as to carry an enactment that a tax of five hundred dollars be placed on every news-dealer who sells this paper, we hereby notify our patrons, the mass of the people of that State, that they may obtain the POLICE GAZETTE through the mails direct from this office. The astute legislators will succeed only in crippling the trade of a few poor newsdealers. The POLICE GAZETTE is a power away beyond them, which their snarls and hypocritical bayings can only make the more prosperous.

If they were worth it we would sit on those Texas Legislators.

We present the dandy paper this week and we know it, for we've looked in the glass—several times. Look at us!

The last time Ingersoll sat on Talmage he must have burst as well as flattened him, for he hasn't inflated himself since.

The Malley boys are going to get clear—there can be no doubt of that. For legal muddles and murder mysteries Connecticut takes the pastry.

WHAT is the small boy going to do? Nobody seems anxious to slip into the shoes of Jesse James and take up his dime novel life where he left off.

THE grand summer excursion of actors and politicians to Europe has begun. And yet we are surprised that the ocean is angry and manifests signs of nausea.

THEY rushed the season in that Norton-Frawley prize fight at Coney Island. Although Levy and Gilmore were not there, there were big "blows on the horn."

ALL the train robbers, cowboys, desperadoes and lecherous parsons of the great west seem to have gone on a vacation for a week or two to recuperate and devise new outrages.

BROOKLYN makes an annual parade of its moral element in the germ. Good boys by the thousand are paraded, but they must all die young, for they never show up as men.

EVEN the devil can be made to shoulder a pick and pray while he works, when it is necessary to lay a new railroad in Brooklyn on a Sunday. Ask Deacon Richardson if this little feat is impossible.

WHEN a rich and decrepit old Staten Island brewer of sixty-six winters isn't safe from the breach of promise suits of pretty widows of thirty, what hope is there for us beautiful fellows to escape?

THAT dynamite coterie of which O'Donovan Rossa is the head is not founded on blind fury alone, as its critics declare. On the contrary, it is deliberative, for the first thing O'Donovan does is to take the cents of each meeting.

BUNNELL's tattooed lady has burst on Brooklyn like a heavenly vision or a concentrated ballet troupe. All the bald-headed church members are crowding to the museum to pinch her shapely tattooed limbs in the interest of art.

AN atheistic lawyer named Walser has gathered 300 infidels and founded a town in Missouri called Liberal. Believers in Christianity are not permitted to buy land there, and the building of gin mills and churches is forbidden. This rule is rather illiberal in Liberal, we should say.

THE ruling out of the Hillsdale crew of amateur oarsmen by the English amateurs is the broadest insult the Brits have yet put on Americans. They had no other way of getting square for the trouncing Hanlan gave them. They can snub the New World if they can't beat it.

DOES anyone suppose that those Phoenix Park assassins are going to come over in an English steamer ticketed and marked for identification? That seems to be the idea of the detectives, but we think they are away "off" in their clues this time.

THERE are several "fresh" parsons who have written us to amend our ways. They want to pray for us. Well, go ahead—pray if you want to, but don't try to rake us in. While we don't object to your praying for us, we will not allow you to prey on us.

HAS anyone ever remarked the wickedness of the through trains between New York and Chicago? The sleeping cars of the railroads going west are only equalled for iniquity by the state-rooms of the Boston boats going east. Such moving lechery is worthy of the attention of an army of police followed by a battalion of doctors.

ARTFUL Baltimore girls! One of them—a beauty, of course, being a Baltimorean—contesting a will which cut her out of \$200,000 won her case by "mashing" a juror, and now that the case is over is going to marry him as a reward. Logic has no show in a Baltimore court when it is pitted against the smiles of such dangerously pretty women as they raise there.

THE saintly were very loud the other day in their show over the funeral of a poor fallen woman. One-third of the money spent for those showy obsequies would feed and save from ruin a dozen women whom want is driving to ruin. When Christians extend to the erring something more than prayers for subsistence there will be more brands plucked from Satan's bonfire.

THE colored parsons have taken a hand in the scandal boom. The last case in which the darky dominie gives the white minister points is that of Brother Cannon, of Columbia, Tenn., who returned to his home the other day after an absence of four years and chopped his wife up with an axe. Something off in her figure that displeased his clerical fancy was the occasion of the axeing, we believe.

CONEY ISLAND has burst out all of a sudden, with the hotel keepers ready prepared with their nets to haul in suckers, the waiters with their itching palms, the snide showmen with their money-making schemes, and everything just as it was. Talk about sending out missionaries to foreign lands! There is the place to send 'em. Why, there are more heathen to the square inch on Coney Island than anywhere else on the habitable globe.

ASKED why he was lurking around the Academy of Music in New York, on the night of the benefit of "Jimmy of the Kiss," a Hebrew manager named Mann said he had come to get satisfaction from Morrissey for some real or fancied insult. But it was no way to get it by paying money to see Jimmy act. That Mann left more dissatisfied than ever. But what would you have for a dollar? Wasn't Jimmy there in character, and what would be more dolorous than that?

McVICKER, the theatrical manager of Chicago, isn't so eager to enter into a lecture platform argument with a noted parson on the morality of the stage, since he heard that the POLICE GAZETTE will back the parson and furnish him solid facts, figures, episodes and names to found his moral arguments on. What's the matter, Jimmy? Come up to time and fight it out after all your brave words or else do the manly and acknowledge that you were only "bluffing" the parson in your confidence that he was ignorant of his subject.

A DAMSEL with a face like a cheap pasteboard dry-goods store plaque is amusing the gossips of the green-room in the Union Square Theatre by the statement that all the dramatic critic of the POLICE GAZETTE wants to remove his acidity is a ten dollar note. We can inform this dolorous damsel (and she is a dam-sel indeed) that the figure she quotes may be her price, and any one who pays it is probably "taken in" badly; but brains are quoted higher than her commodities, and ours are not for sale, even though she constitute herself the auctioneer to knock us down.

THERE is one doctor the less in New York. Young Upham, who was co-respondent in the suit of Leopold Schepp for divorce, is said to have been shot by the husband, but neither party will give it away, and the body is not on exhibition. It is wonderful how powerful money is in stifling inquiry and blinding the eyes of the law. If this were a poor man every coroner's assistant would have had a hack at him by this time, and all the details of his story would have been published in the papers. Money seems to make an aristocracy of scandal as well as of death. Vice is vice, fact is fact, and truth is truth, whether the subject lie in a pine box or a rosewood casket studded all over with silver; but some people seem determined to prove the contrary of these propositions.

THOSE awful parsons are at it again. This time they have given the sisters a rest and are raising scandal by punching each others' snoots. So our religious department begins to rival the pugilistic columns.

THE Lorillards don't see their way as clearly on the turf this season as usual. There is such a thing as being too intensely "up to snuff" if you're in the business; you may get some of your own tobacco dust in your eyes. That, probably, is what's the matter with the Lorillards.

RELIGION got its worst blow when the Texas Legislature took it in hand. When the highwayman opens proceedings with prayer and intones a hymn while he is garroting you and searching your pockets, the operation does not gain a consolatory quality from the religious accompaniments. Not much. A thief is a thief whether he swears on the high road or snivels and prays in the Legislature.

WHAT a lot of idiots they elect to office in Texas! Think of a Legislature that attempts to stay the resistless advance of the POLICE GAZETTE by imposing a \$500 fine on the news dealers who sell this paper! It's like a dozen old women trying to sweep back the incoming tide of the ocean with their brooms. Poor fellows! They are barking up the wrong tree. They will make nothing but ridicule by their "strike."

HERE we are at the heated term season and President Arthur hasn't yet been worked into an amorous fever by the match-making old crows of Washington. Suppose they stop playing off their ancient widows on him and bait their hook with a sixteen year old rosebud. Then the old man may bite. You'll never catch him with the old bait you have been using. He is not that kind of a "sucker."

THAT paternal old fraud, Barnum, is addressing Sunday-schools wherever his circus goes, and ringing in holy moral puns of his show. Well! Well! Isn't it remarkable how these good folks make their morality and their religion pay. No wonder Heaven begins to become disreputable when a fellow like Barnum can climb the golden stairs lugging his elephant after him and pasting circus "snipes" on every step.

A BOY of seventeen had already run the gamut of love escapades, and who was held accountable for the matronly cast of three young women's figures, committed suicide a couple of weeks ago. His last love, a nineteen year old girl, attempted to cross the dark river with him, but got left. If that boy had lived he would have put Beecher's record nowhere. What are the saintly sisters to do if youth so well qualified to replace our phenomenal parsons are going to sacrifice themselves thus early before their full usefulness has been tested?

THE Denver Times gives itself journalistic airs when advertising to the POLICE GAZETTE. There is nobody on the Denver sheet that could hold his own, on pure journalistic principles, on this paper. Our standard is away beyond that small fry journal. And as for journalistic knowledge and experience, the corps of this paper "takes water" for no paper of any kind in the country. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, ignoramuses, while we consider whether our kindness should go so far as to warrant us in sending out one of our intelligent office boys to teach you the rudiments of journalism.

A WOMAN refused to pay a Boston photographer because she said the pictures he made did not look like her. The jury decided against her on inspection of the original and the copies. Now most of our actresses have good cases against the New York photographers who touch up their pictures until they do not look a bit like them. For instance, there is Maude Branscombe. Who that ever saw her in flesh and blood recognize her in her photographs? And so, too, with Fanny Davenport. And yet we never hear of either of these artistes contemplating a lawsuit on this account. It is only when the artist begins to get down to naked truth in his pictures that woman contemplates retaliation.

OUR attempt to reform the stage by holding the mirror up to Thalia and making her view her own vileness has won appreciation from various sources. We are in receipt of commendatory letters from ministers of the gospel, fathers of families and from even several of the better class of actors, thanking us for our bold and truthful crusade against villainy, vice, hypocrisy and filth. If we were less modest and the demand of the news on our columns were not so pressing, we might publish these in jubilation over the success of our plan. We shelve them, however, with the assurance to the writers that we will not abate our tone one jot and will not shrink from the exposure of the foul things and fouler creatures who are the real cause of the disgrace and degradation of the stage.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

COMMON suers—Lawyers.

SWITCH tenders—Hair pins.

FOOD for the Celestial—A Skye terrier.

"PEOPLE at the mint are working over time." And yet we see very little of their work.

"Two trains with but a single track, two boilers burst as one," shouts an exchange over a railroad collision.

PATRICK on the Zebra—"Phwat kind of a beast is that?—the mule with the ribs on the outside of his skin entirely."

SPRING pants are so attenuated in style, that when a young man of the period sits down in them he will wish he had stood up and saved rent.

"A FELLOW must sow his wild oats, you know," exclaimed the adolescent John. "Yes," replied Annie, "but you shouldn't begin sowing so soon after cradling."

Is it because man is made from dust that he is always dry? And is it not true that when he wishes to dampen himself he has to part with some of his dust?

"It is very curious," she observed "altogether unaccountable, indeed, that the tortoise, from whom we get all our tortoise-shell combs, has himself no hair whatever."

IRATE sportsman—"Confound it, you've shot the dog! I thought you told me you could hold a gun." Pat—"Sure, and so I can, your honor. It's the shot, sorr, I couldn't howld!"

"Yes," said the country member, "I went to that variety show because I felt sure there'd be nobody there who knew me! Durned if pretty much the whole Legislature wasn't there!"

THIRTEEN females physicians are practising in Clayton, Iowa, and at a recent fire there were not well men enough in the town to run the engine out. It is one grand incorporated hospital.

MARRIED men according to statistics live longer than single ones. Fogg, the villain, wonders why in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence the married man's suffering should be so unnecessarily lengthened.

THE barber is a strapping fellow and is ever ready to razor row. I have frequently seen him take a man by the nose without the least provocation. He always wants his hone way and is always ready for a brush.

THANK a kind providence for the decorative banjo craze. After a banjo is decorated it can not be played on without soiling the pictures. Now, won't some good angel start a mania for decorating ac cordeons?

COUNT ZICHY, the Hungarian pianist, has but one arm. He is in great demand as a teacher in families blessed with pretty girls. Materfamilias knows that a one-armed teacher can't keep the piano going and hug at the same time.

A SUSPICIOUS mother placed some nitroglycerine in her daughter's corset on the evening her fellow was coming. The girl loaned it to the cook, and they had to scrape the old man off the ceiling to get enough to hold an inquest over.

THE cowboys of Colorado are very exacting of their cooks. One of the latter having failed to get breakfast properly, they shot him. If a few of these cowboys were to visit some of our cheaper down town restaurants they might do a very good business.

A MAIDEN lady said to her little nephew:—"No, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes and then observed:—"Well, aunty, you must have set up a good deal when you were young."

"AH, my friend," said a clergyman to a parishioner who was the husband of a termagant, and who had made application for a divorce, "we should be yielding and forgiving. There are no divorces in Heaven." "That's the reason," said the sufferer, "why I am so anxious to get a divorce here."

"CAN you play the piano?"
She—"No; but I have a sister Johanna,
Living in Savannah;
She can play the piano
And sing high soprano
In a lugubrious manner;
Pa, I wish I had a banana."

SHELL was sitting in the back end of the church, and the preacher went up to him and said, "Don't you want to go to heaven?" "No," he replied. This horrified the preacher and he said to the congregation: "Here is a young man who says he doesn't want to go to heaven; now, my friend, why don't you want to go?" "Because I would have to die to go there."

"No," exclaimed young Harry, when tempted to take a bright half-dollar from the till of his employer, "no, it is not mine, and I will not touch it. And pray what good would it do me? It would buy but a few bunches of cigarettes, which would soon be smoked up and then where is the half-dollar? No, I will withstand this temptation, and beg my cigarettes from Fred. I will make no haste to acquire wealth. I will have patience." So Harry turned his back on the half-dollar. By patience and careful doctoring of his employer's accounts, he was in a few short years enabled to leave for Europe with fifty thousand dollars in his pocket.

FIDO had been out for an afternoon walk. He had been inquiring into the bottom facts of the business of all other dogs. He had also been interviewing telegraph poles and lamp-posts as to who of his canine friends had called there that afternoon. Gildower Gillpenny was on his way to see the lovely Arabella Anchovia. He overtook Fido, the petted pet of the petted helress. They both arrived at the palatial residence at the same moment. They were both ushered into the charming presence by the same lackey. After a sweet smile for Gildower, she rushed for Fido and imprinted a kiss after kiss on the little pet's nose. Then turning to the palpitating young man, she said, "Now Gildower, kiss your birdie." The young man stood dazed for a moment; but summoning up all the courage of his ancient race, he struck an attitude, and said, "Not to-night. Ask me not why. It is a strange fancy but I must leave. Adieu! Adieu!" and he left the astonished maiden.

STAGE WHISPERS.

A Little Dramatic By-Play Promised in the Divorce Courts.

The Season's "Tag" presents a Grand Coruscation of Snides in the Theatres and Scandals on the Square.

THAT is a fine mob of alleged agents on the east side of Union Square. And a fine crowd of actors and actresses haunt the eery of these birds of prey. It is queer that theatrical nastiness always gets high up.

With Mary Anderson aboard on the way to Europe, the ship, if it has to tack, will only make "long legs"—that's putting dramatic news in a way as characteristically naughty as nautical; which is just our style.

WHY don't the police remove the obstructions from the sidewalks in Union Square? A serried mass of ash-barrels would raise a rumpus in the Bureau of Obstructions, yet nothing is said about the nasty human squirt-guns that project foul stories on the ears of passers-by in this locality.

It would be well for the police to turn their attention to the Fourteenth street beer gardens. Since the actors have come back to town the depravity of these dives has become open and shameless enough to do credit to Greene street. It is a positive peril for any decent man or woman to pass them now. The well-dressed loafers and the painted drabs who infest them night and day would be subjects for special legislation in Paris, where professional harlots have to take out licenses, and professional lovers are subject to arrest as vagabonds.

No sooner is one woe gone than another comes. Here we have been rejoicing over the fact that Lotta has sunk into a sere and yellow leaf obscurity when up pops young Minnie Maddern, her exact duplicate, to fill her vacant place. Life is short, but this style of art is long, with too much idiosyncrasy, giggle, kick and red hair in it altogether. We had hoped that the piece would "kill" Minnie, or vice versa; but she wouldn't die worth a cent, and although she kicked the stuffing out of the drama, there is enough of it left to be reconstructed for next season and for seasons to come. Ah! Horror! Dismay!

THE Fenians should be content. England is going to suffer this summer. All our hamfatters are pointing for London. Gilday and Beane have gone already, Harry Miner is preparing a squad headed by Pat Rooney to follow, Harrigan and Hart are going next month, a troupe of played out "serio comics" will take the same steamer, Fannie Davenport will fill a summer season over there, and, worse than all, Edwin Booth will storm the town with an American company headed by Eben Plympton. Skip with the skirmishing fund and buy no more dynamite, O'Donnovan Rossa, for the jig is up. England can never survive this. The day of her downfall has come. The "fakes" will give her the coup de grace.

M. W. C. COMLEY, of the Comley-Barton opera troupe, is in hot water with the rest of the profession. Mrs. Comley wants a divorce, alleging that Mr. C. has been altogether too intimate with Miss Lizzie Harold, the Philadelphia soubrette. If you tell an actor there is anything wrong with the profession or its odors, he will beg you to hold your nose and your tongue. He never thinks of trying to keep it pure himself by carrying on his little rackets outside of it. This allegation of Mrs. Comley's is peculiarly severe on Miss Harold. We always, up to this time, credited her with good taste, and we don't think she could tolerate such an English remnant as Comley. The mistake must have been made owing to the fact that Miss Harold is comely; but it isn't fair to infer, therefore, that she is Comley's.

ROSE LISLE comes to the front with a wee little scandal. She has been playing in Chicago with an alleged actor named Valentine Love. The sheriff came down on Mr. Love and seized his goods. Mixed up among his "props" were the theatrical togs, skirts, etc., of Rose. The creditors claimed that Rose was Valentine's wife, but she swore she was not, and then they had her arrested on a charge of adultery. Rose used to be the ostensible spouse of Edward Arnot, but in the spring allotment of new bridegrooms this new Love seems to have fallen to her share. It's a fine thing that the law can't keep its hooks off these theatrical marriages of one season or forty weeks. If every actress who engages in matrimonial contracts according to the custom of the profession is going to be arrested for adultery, then there will be an alarming reduction in the number of "little brothers and sisters" travelling around with our artists.

THERE'S a bad actor who, long as he is, is obnoxiously making too much of himself. This is that alleged comedian, R. E. Graham. When the doctor prescribes an emetic you can save the money intended for his purchase by going to Union Square and just looking at Graham. Hear him talk for ten minutes and you'll think pills are nowhere. He started as a funny man several years since, playing *Corinda* in the Cinderella burlesque in which old Sam Colville exploited his second-hand Williamsburgh "mash" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. By his buffoonery in skirts he got some people to snicker, and he has never recovered from it. He affects a Dutch dialect, and sings in imitation of Joe Emmett. With this stock in trade he has raised his ante and wants to be a feature of a show this season. For a menagerie he might do very well, or as a manikin to illustrate a Darwinian lecture on the origin of species; but as a comedian, oh, no!—nary time.

Those managers who got their hooks into that big huddle for the "Actor's Fund" haven't given any account yet, and never will. The money has been probably divided up among the ring, and will pay the expenses of summer trips. That's what they mean by relieving actors. We care nothing for the high names they present at the head of this fund, and we are not to be gagged by them. To the inquiry of the "fakes," "Do you think such men as A. M. Palmer, Lester Wallack, Theodore Moss, Col. Jack Haverly and Billy Henderson would divert a fund to any but its proper uses?" we reply: "Judging from the secrecy of their movements in this matter we have grounds for suspicion." We think that the custodians of such a fund should not be above making a monthly statement of the receipts and expenditures. As they think it outrageous that such a demand should be made on

them, we have no hesitation in saying that we "smell a rat," and accordingly warn the public to give no more money to this bogus fund until there is some proof given of the ultimate destination and custody of the "huddle." The Brooklyn Theatre Fire Fund has never been accounted for yet, although it reached an enormous sum, and these same parties who will not condescend to give figures, had, and still have it, in hand.

WONDER is frequently expressed among outsiders that so many utterly and absolutely insipid and worthless so-called dramatic newspapers can make a living out of the "profess." They couldn't if the "profess" was not made up of an army of cowards with more vanity than reputation or decency. All one of these sheeps has to do to get an advertisement is to blackguard the subject till he or she comes down with money or its equivalent to the editor. When you find an actor or actress being pitched into by the *Dramatic Scribe* or the *Theatrical Bladder* you can bet your life that actor or actress hasn't got his or her name in the advertising columns. Such a thing as honest criticism or fair dealing is not, of course, to be expected under such circumstances. Yet the bums and blackmailers who run these sheets have the nerve to impugn our honesty. We can't blame them, however. Every man to his trade, and ours has, more than once, been to find a place for the biggest mouthed of these bogus moralists in our rogues' gallery. There is room for all of them, and their pictures are ready. With one under indictment for embezzlement and perjury, another an ex-convict, another a fugitive from foreign justice and another still the most barefaced and unscrupulous "striker" who ever sold his pen to any thief or harlot who would pay for it, our readers will not doubt that they deserve the place the POLICE GAZETTE will yet find for them.

CARYL FLORIO's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" opera was produced in the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 22d ult., before a "bugdy" crowd who had been transported from New York to witness the fun. There had been so much preliminary wining and dining that not one in the crowd of visitors was in a condition to distinguish the blare of a fish-horn from the mellifluous melody of a flute. This was just what the manager wanted; for George Goodwin seems to have written all the notices himself in his usual tasteful dollar store style. The great hits of the piece were the song and dance gavotte by Topsy, the hymnal arias by Uncle Tom, and the comic ditties by Marks. Eva died in several concerted pieces, and Legree went all to pieces in several bass parts. Now if some one will set one of Talmage's sermons to music—that on his dance-house visit, for instance, so that a can-can be introduced—the moral phase of the show business will be complete. We cannot help expressing surprise that the composer, Florio, failed to avail himself of a chorus of the bloodhounds, with a bow-wow-wow refrain from real dogs. Another thing he might play the piece with two Topsyes, two Uncle Toms and two Marks, so that where they sing in solo they might do it in duet. We make this suggestion because of the weakness of the voices in the cast. They would lose nothing by doubling, and these church people, patrons of moral shows, want a good deal for their money, you know.

OVER in Brooklyn there are two little Sheenies, Hyde and Behman by name, who aspire to run the town theatrically. They have made money through "holding some obscene variety orgies in an abandoned morgue in a back street, which they cleansed incompletely, but from which they have never been able to thoroughly dispossess the pre-emptive odors of rotting human carcasses. This they called a Volks Theatre, and here they made enough dirty dollars to buy them clean shirts and enable them to give themselves airs. They then hired two other theatres and keep one idle while they experiment with the other in what they are pleased to call legitimate drama. They have a stock company of all the "queers" in the profession. You can judge what it is made of when we say it is headed by that callopie actress, Miss Annie Ward Tiffany, with Frank Roche as leading man and Bill Thompson as heavy man and character actor. And the "star," who is most affected, is Marie Prescott. This is as near as Hyde and Behman can come in their imitation of John Stetson. They pick up his abandoned vices. And then when we add that they have unearthed from the Cimmerian mental and moral obscurity of some back slum "school of the drama" a manager who is starred as a Nick Norton, and whose chief business seems to be to prowling the dark halls of the "Grand Opera House" (in Brooklyn) with a ghoulish vacancy in his glare and a mental vacuity most bewildering to the daylight world, we think we have fully accounted for the late sudden increase of crime and insanity in the City of Churches.

THE theatrical managers of New York and vicinity have made a great mistake in their calculations. They imagined that the season was going to end with a blazing hot term about the first of May, as it did the previous year; but they find themselves this year away off. The season is cold enough to be profitable, and they have played out all their reputable attractions. In this fix they have thrown open their doors to all the limping and played out old hacks in the profession. Abbey has even allowed that crazy loon, Sydney Rosenfeld, to sling his slush on the Park Theatre stage in the form of "Florinel," with a Julia Hunt in the title role, while Col. Sinn, all at sea in Brooklyn, lets Mrs. Watkins disport in the Park Theatre over the river as Miss Ada Gray. And the ragged faked-up methods of management on this last end of the season are shown in the quality of printing displayed. Miss Gray has out fourteen styles of window bills and three-sheet posters—all portraits, and each representing her as a different sort of person altogether. In one she has a Roman nose, in another a classic Grecian profile, in another the snub nose of a pert soubrette, while her hair varies from jet black, through brown red, chestnut, auburn to the tawny hue of the full British blonde. And then to cap the climax of absurdity there is a three-sheet mounted and varnished bill representing Miss Ada Gray as a bride being hugged in private by a young man in a claw-hammer coat. This is the exact reproduction of a suggestive French picture entitled "At Last Alone." We hope that Ada is not so wicked as it represents her to be. Perhaps, though, it is intended as a representation of her wedding day in the sweet long ago, and this engagement celebrates her golden wedding. That is the only way that we can account for its even remote connection with her present engagement. She played "East Lynne," aided by a lot of queer people, and the audiences seemed puzzled to identify her from her varied pictures, but the wiser ones concluded that she had combined them all and rolled them into one to

make her original self. It is rough to have to live in Brooklyn, anyway, but when Col. Sinn begins playing these "one night stand" cards on us we want to discount the sweet by and bye, and grasp the little harp that is preparing for us before the paint and gilding on it are dry.

A FIENDISH SCHOOLMARM.

She Wrestles Vainly With the Youth of Michigan and Escapes With Her Life.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The horrors of youth have been intensified since the fiery, untamed schoolmarm has got abroad in full force in the west. A new school in the northern part of Michigan has been in operation only six months and the results have not been such as to encourage the rude farmers of this wild region in their educational enterprise. The school has been presided over since its establishment by an ancient acridulated person from New England known as Miss Alice May. She is a rigid disciplinarian but has found the little Michiganders tricky and intractable. Their progress over the rocky road of general learning has not been such as to put her in self-gratulatory raptures.

On the contrary, she has been rather discouraged by the cussedness of her charges and as a final effort has put on an extra vigor in the punishment devised for the boys. Nothing she could do, however, seemed to have any effect and she was driven to the verge of despair as she saw her school going to ruin and uproar. A little chap named Ludwig Wels was the most cussed of all the cussed in the little fold and finally on the 20th ult. after he had been detected crowning all his previous efforts by setting fire to the teacher's bonnet and wraps, she determined to make a terrible example of him. Seizing her scissors she snipped a piece off of each of his ears and he ran home howling. This broke up the school and the schoolmarm had to be escorted out of the district under protection of a sheriff's posse to preserve her life, for the boy's brother and aunts had armed themselves, had put on their war paint and were abroad with the avowed intention of having the old thing's scalp. They didn't get it, however, for she is in the east and now there is no schoolmarm north of Detroit.

A MARITAL WRECK.

A Divorced Husband Makes a Desperate Effort to Take His Case to the Higher Court.

After living together for 31 years Alfred W. Robinson, aged 54, of Cleveland, O., and his wife Sarah, aged 51, separated last September and the wife procured a divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty. Robinson went away and worked on a farm near Pittsburg until the 20th ult., when he returned to Cleveland. He went to his son's house where he found Mrs. Robinson. She was afraid of him as he lurked about the house all day and when her son returned home she asked him to take her to town on the pretence that she wished to do some shopping.

When the mother and son went to the barn to hitch up the horses the old man followed and drawing a pistol fired at her. The first shot was turned aside by a corset steel but the second lodged under her shoulder blade. The son then closed with the father and after a desperate wrestle disarmed him.

Robinson was lodged in jail. He says he came back for reconciliation and bought the pistol to kill himself if unsuccessful; that Mrs. Robinson gave him encouragement but his son treated him coldly and when he saw small hope of a reunited family he deliberately attempted to kill the woman and would have shot himself but for his son's interference. The prisoner says his jealousy of his wife was the cause of the family trouble, which began some years ago and steadily increased. She liked society; he did not. She was the object of attention wherever she went which annoyed him. The three children, two sons and a daughter, sided with the mother. Finally she refused to live with him and he left home. He says the feeling of being an outcast from his family preyed upon him until he could bear it no longer.

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

Guips, Cranks, and Fancies of Venus' Vicious Brat.

A MARRIED lady who recently resigned her position as an employee in the New Orleans mint assigned as a reason that a high official solicited amorous favors of her and made her bestowal of them the condition of her retention of her place. For raising the devil there is no formula equal to the rage of a thoroughly enraged woman and that's just what this lady of the mint is.

At a Princeton, Ky., party a few days since a young lady gave Clint Hood a buttonhole bouquet which Mace Wilson, a rival, tore from his coat and stamped on. When they met on the street the next day Wilson drew a pistol but Hood knocked him down before he could fire it and by-standers disarmed him. He went home for another pistol and came back accompanied by his mother, who was armed with a poker. Hood ran through a drug store pursued by the mother and son but the whole party was arrested before they could open hostilities. In court Hood was fined \$5 and Wilson \$25 for carrying concealed weapons. The mother escaped punishment.

Mrs. GEORGE C. CORN, a young married lady of Chicago, attempted to throw herself into the lake on the night of the 18th ult., but was prevented by several gentlemen who were passing. It has been revealed that the lady's husband after speculating in business had lost all his own and the greater part of his wife's money and then had mysteriously disappeared. She had attempted suicide in a fit of desperation consequent on the belief that she had been abandoned by him.

PRACTICAL DEVOTION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a lady attached to one of the New York theatres whose conquests among the susceptible other sex are numbered by the legion. The other afternoon she made her appearance on Broadway followed by a train of elegantly dressed males of various ages and degrees and styles of beauty, each of whom bore some object, from a big bundle down to a hand satchel.

"I might as well use them," she explained to a friend who halted her. "They won't let me alone, you know. They hang around the stage door whenever I am in the theatre so I have concluded to make them good for something. Now, then, gentlemen, look lively or I shall be late for dinner."

And the procession got under weigh again.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Desperate Deeds and Scandalous Doings Occasioned by Jealousy and "Cussedness."

On the 4th ult. Dr. E. N. Woodward committed suicide in a San Francisco boarding house after inflicting wounds which he thought were mortal on his mistress, Mrs. Mollie Woodward. The woman, supposing that she was dying, made a confession that she was not the wife of the dead man although he had represented that she was. She had got acquainted with him by becoming his housekeeper. He had importuned her for a year to marry him but in vain. On the occasion of her last refusal he had shot in his maddening jealousy and had then killed himself. She had a husband living named George Woodward but he was no relative of her lover. The living husband was the bar to her marriage with the suicide.

GEORGE FENGER, a poor clerk in a retail dry goods house in Cincinnati, married on Oct. 14, 1879, Miss Mollie O. Taylor, one of the most beautiful young women of Cincinnati. His salary was not sufficient to maintain her in the extravagances in which she had been indulged by her mother who did a prosperous business as the proprietor of a large store in which the sale of human hair was a specialty, so the young wife secretly engaged as a model to a young artist named Arthur J. Goodman, employed by Stobridge & Co., the lithographers. The young woman was furnished with a key of his studio and let herself in at all hours of the day and night to pose in various stages of nudity before the young artist. When she began to pass whole nights there, though, the janitor, concluded that she was going beyond the absolute requirements of art and gave the whole thing away to her husband. Fenger then called upon the artist Goodman, who appears to have been a very bad man, and asked him for an explanation. The man of the maulstick cheekily informed him that not only had his wife posed for him in a state of nudity but her mother had obliged him in the same way and he had found them both bulky. The husband and wife had a scene and after hearing her declaration that she did not love him he agreed to get rid of her, that she should sue for and obtain a divorce without any opposition on his part. He went to New York to work and gave her a clear field for her design. But now that the case has come up his friends have persuaded him to defend himself in court for his reputation's sake. So there's going to be some fun in Cincinnati in a week or two.

SHOT IN A GRAVEYARD.

Midnight Surprise and Battle With Grave Robbers Over a Corpse.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The resurrectionists after a long season of prosperity have fallen on rocky times at last, it seems, for several cases in which they have been discomfited have been succeeded at last by the slaughter of one of their number. On the night of the 17th ult. a buggy containing two men was driven carefully off the road across a plowed field and drew up at a corner of the graveyard near the town of Onondaga, N. Y. Some time back the resurrectionists had been running riot in the vicinity, tearing up graves and dragging their occupants away even the day after burial without let or hindrance. This state of affairs finally aroused the stolid inhabitants to fury and they formed a vigilance committee with the design of making the first grave robber they caught food for worms.

The graveyard was watched the night the buggy drew up in the dark in the plowed field beside the new made graves. The two men jumped out, stumbled over the mounds to a point marked beforehand and began digging. They threw up only one-half the mound and soon reached the coffin. The lid was smashed in, a hook attached to a rope was fastened under the jaw of the corpse and the two men hauled vigorously, dragging it out.

At this moment there arose three forms from behind the tombstones in front of the workers and immediately gave them a volley. They returned it, hastily drawing revolvers from their pockets for the purpose, and then retreated to their buggy and disappeared in the darkness. The next morning an early passer-by found on the road half a mile away the dead body of a man. Beside him lay a satchel containing resurrectionists' tools. Fresh wagon tracks, evidently of a buggy, were found on the road.

The body was that of Dr. Henry W. Kendall, a prominent physician of Syracuse, N. Y. He had been for some time engaged in the nefarious business of body snatching but had at last met with a terrible punishment.

A FIGHTING CRIPPLE.

The Tough Half of a Man Makes a Big Battle in Denver, Col.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a sturdy cripple in Denver, Colorado, who, although he has lost both legs and is compelled to drag himself along on two short crutches, has gained quite a reputation as a "bad man" and a rough-and-tumble fighter. He is a medicant and a heavy whiskey drinker and when he is in his cups he is a perfect devil incarnate to tackle. When he has a drink or two in he becomes abusive and lays out with choice epithets whoever refuses him alms.

On the 10th ult. he was peculiarly obstreperous and officers Bohannon and Quirk determined to take him in. The cripple wouldn't have it and showed fight. He knocked one officer down with his crutch and then swinging his body till it got a good impetus planted his two stumps against the chest of the other peeler laying him out too. Reinforcements came up but he fought them for a quarter of an hour before they could overpower without seriously injuring him. Then when he had been thoroughly exhausted the dangerous human remnant was plied into an express wagon and carted off to the lock-up. Query: If that beggar is such a tough in his halved condition what sort of a terror must he have been when he was whole?

BETRAYED BY TRUE LOVE.

Mary Delkhorh had two rival lovers at Cuba, Mo., named John Lindsay and William Dodd. In a fight Lindsay killed Dodd and escaped to Chicago where he lived for a year under an assumed name. A month ago he wrote to the girl asking her to come to him. She replied in an epistle thick with taffy and loving gush asking where she could find him. He sent her his address and she came bringing with her a detective who took him back to Missouri to be tried for murder.

Hon. O. P. Mason.

The gentleman whose name is the caption of this article and whose portrait we give in this issue is one of the prominent legal authorities of Portland, Oregon, who is expected to come out grandly in the *Carrle Bradley cause celebre* shortly to occupy the courts out there. Mr. Mason has really grown up with the country and is a good specimen American. He was born in Perry county, Ohio, in 1829, lost his parents in 1849 and was left to hew his way alone to fame and fortune. With no schooling advantages his start was a bad one and his way uncommonly rough.

In 1847 he volunteered as a soldier and served through the Mexican war. After the campaign was over he went to Indiana and worked as a carpenter, paying out his earnings to buy books to aid him in his self-education. He was diligent and studious and took in varied knowledge with all the more avidity because he had lived long enough without it to know its value. In 1861 he went to California and in 1865 to Oregon where he settled down in the city of Portland as a lawyer and established an immense business.

He has had a varied practice and has developed a fine literary talent, having written many clever magazine articles and several interesting stories of life in the northwest. He is still a close student and although now 53 years of age works at his books and pen full fourteen hours a day.

Sheriff John H. Bowman.

On the 30th of April the report came into Gunnison, Colorado, that Sheriff John H. Bowman, who had started out to hunt a gang of desperadoes and thieves, had been killed in a fight with them. It was known that the Sheriff's party had killed a famous ruffian named Howard, a leader of the gang, after a desperate battle and the story of the engagement included the death of the Sheriff as among the casualties.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF NOTED HORSEMEN.

CHARLES M. SMITH,

OF EARLVILLE, ILL., FAMOUS "STARTING JUDGE" OF HORSE RACES; OWNER OF "ALROY," "MONTE," AND OTHER NOTED FLYERS.

accepted but four. He has said numberless times that "a man with an ambition to occupy the judges' stand was worse than an idiot and should be taken care of."

He has a voice like a trumpet, is prompt in his decisions, observant in the smallest details of a race and can see in an instant when a driver is trying to help or hinder a send off. There is no honest, well meaning driver who ever started under him but is his friend; no scoundrel but is his enemy.

Mr. Smith has owned and sold a number of good horses. He has at this time Alroy, a fine stallion by Almont, and Monte, a good green one that can beat 30. Besides these he owns a fine lot of brood mares and colts.

He resides at Earlville and for a long time was the treasurer of the first association in Illinois that was a member of the National Trotting Association.

A Woman's Heartless Artifice.

He was a prize "sucker," that Edward Rosner, of Farmington, Mo. He fought for, won and married a beautiful young woman of his neighborhood. She left him after living with him five days and her perfidy drove him to suicide. The day after the funeral the young widow married his rival and now claims all the dead man's property, and she will get it, too, for he has no relatives and there is not a legal bar to her claim. What a warning is this! And yet there will always be pretty, remorseless women and rich prize suckers to the end of the world. So where is the use in preaching? "Suckers" were born to be caught, and "roasted" too. The young woman in this case is accused by the gossips with having made a close calculation of the time it would require to drive a man to despair and suicide.

A Brute in Custody.

John Cadden, a one-legged man, occupying with his wife and family half of a double building belonging to J. H. Swoyer, at Swoyer's Patch, Pa., has got himself into a fine scrape. It



MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN.

[Photo by Marc Gambier.]

On May 4, however, Bowman rode gally back to town with his posse, to the great delight of the citizens who had sent out several rescuing parties to bring in his corpse for a big funeral. There was great rejoicing at this turn of affairs for the Sheriff is very popular and famed as one of the bravest men in the State. He is an old frontiersman, was postmaster at Hat Creek in the Black Hills in 1876 and carried the mails from his post office to Running Water, a distance of twenty-five miles, during the Indian troubles, when everyone else refused.

He is 6ft. 1in. in height, weighs 185lbs., is 37 years old and is as modest as he is brave.

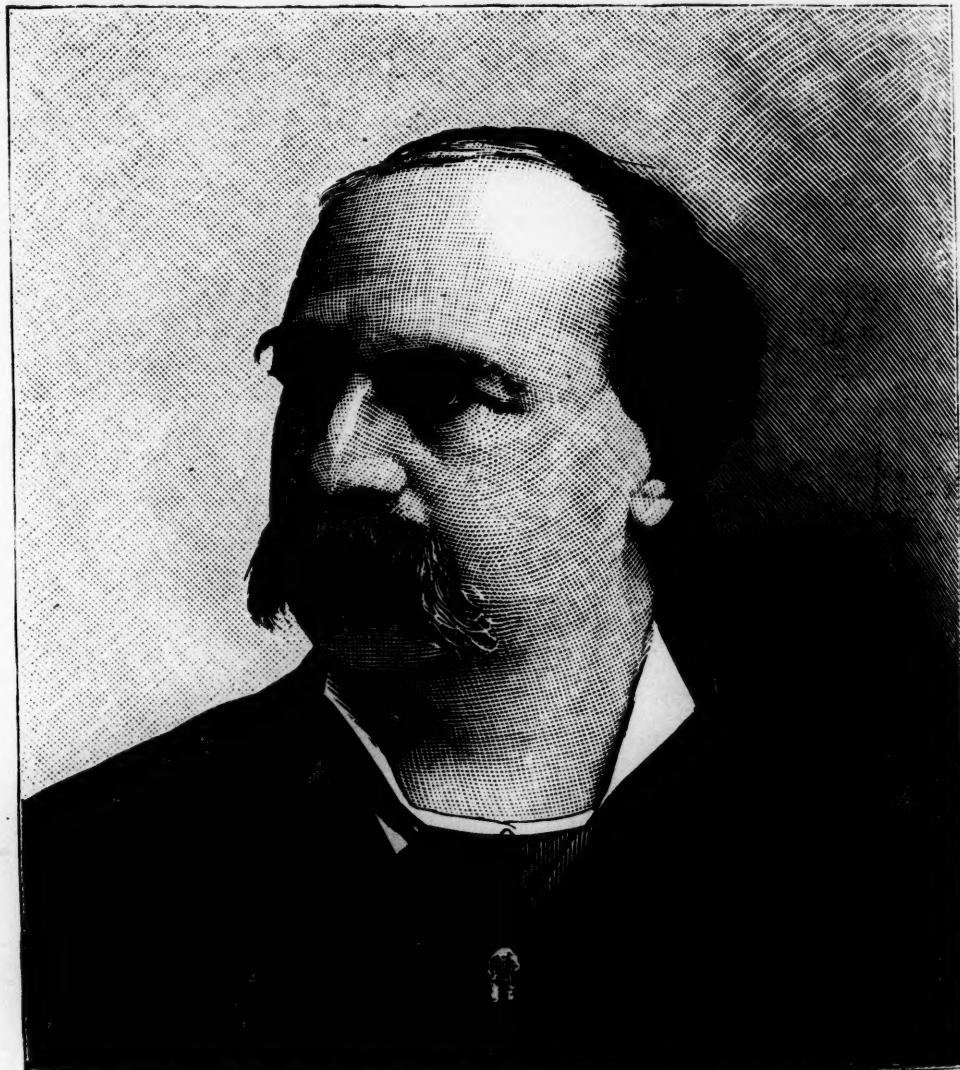
Charles M. Smith

This gentleman has the reputation of being the best and squarest starting judge in the west. With no ambition to go into the stand but ever ready to make all the excuses in the world to keep out of it, he is at times persuaded against his own inclination to accept a position that is distasteful. In 1881 a full score of associations solicited him to act at their meetings and were ready to pay him any reasonable sum for his services. Out of all these applications he



SHERIFF JOHN H. BOWMAN,

OF GUNNISON, COLO., THE TERROR OF THE DESPERADOES.



SIGNOR TOMMASO SALVINI.

[Photo. by Mora.]

is said that a young girl named Bella McMullen, who is known to be of unsound mind, visited the house in the absence of the Swoyers one day about six weeks ago and was lured into Cadden's apartments. He made a desperate attempt to outrage her but she escaped. The parents of the girl fearing that her unsupported assertions would not be believed made no complaint. On the 13th ult., however, it was alleged against him that he had criminally assaulted a little child aged 11 years during the absence of her mother from the house. Then Bella came forward with her story and the parents of both girls united to procure a warrant for his arrest on the 20th ult. It is alleged against him that he has already served a term in prison for outraging a girl aged 14 and the people are highly incensed.

W. F. WHITTON, a photographer's assistant at Russellville, Ark., went to Carlisle, Ark., several weeks since with the wife of Edward McPherson and lived with her there. Whitton and McPherson met on the streets on the 23d ult. and exchanged shots. The husband finally sent a ball through the lover's head and Whitton fell dead.



HON. O. P. MASON,

A SPECIMEN SELF-MADE MAN AND PROMINENT LAWYER OF PORTLAND, OR.

A King of Bunko.

Our readers are already familiar with the history of the famous bunko man and general swindler, whose successful operations in Florida, and through the southern and western states during the past five years have made him famous. We give in this issue a portrait of this national character. In the course of his peculiar experience he has amassed a fortune of \$100,000, and therefore is no longer obliged to exercise his talents for a bare living. If he engage in schemes of this character now, it is only to test some new idea for mere diversion inspired by the pure "cussedness" of the animal. He has been located for some little time back in Denver, Colorado, and the last operation in which he was tempted to engage out there has raised quite a storm. By the old, old bunko racket it seems, about the 10th of April last, he cleaned out a banker of Las Vegas named Don Miguel A. Otero, and got from him a note that was perfectly good for \$2,400. A few days after the note was given, Baggs was offered \$250 if he would return it; but it was in the hands of his agents who were secretly trying to negotiate it and had strong hopes of being able to do so, having on inquiry learned that Otero was sound financially; so the offer was declined. A Plincy A. Price, commission broker, was found with the note in his possession, and was arrested. He explained that he had arranged with young Otero to get it for him from the swindlers for \$1,000, but that Otero went back on him after he had accomplished the work. On March 4, Baggs was arrested, but could be held only on a charge of being a vagrant. This charge against a man worth a cool \$100,000 was decidedly thin; so the authorities found a formidable white elephant on their hands. "Doc" is too smart to be caught in a trap at this late day when he has such abundant fruits of his past intelligence to live on and to back him in the hour of danger; so we see no hope for our western friends but to endure him until he gets ready to light out for heavenly quarters. They



TURNING THE TABLES.

A PARSON RETURNING UNEXPECTEDLY FROM A PASTORAL VISIT TO A DEACON'S WIFE, DETECTS THE DEACON ESCAPING FROM HIS APARTMENTS IN THE PARSONAGE; PATERSON, N. J.

might, meantime, lock up all their grey beards and their very smart citizens to prevent a transfer of their bank accounts to the credit of "Doc." There is no other way to prevent all the money in Colorado gradually gravitating into his coffers.

Turning the Tables.

The saintly circles of Paterson, N. J., have had a shock. There is a Rev. Mr. Sniffles there who has been very "fresh" in his visits to the pretty sisters, and who has been in the habit of covering his tracks by giving out that he only wrestles in prayer with the daisies of the congregation, of which he is the assistant pastor. This too, although the insatiable old hunk had a young wife who was languishing for a little religion. The other day the parson was disappointed by one of the sisters who postponed her

prayers, and returned home in the afternoon unexpectedly. He found his door locked, and there was some delay in admitting him. When he did get into the apartment he found his wife dishevelled and disrobed, and another door leading from the room to the exit by the back way was ajar. The parson pursued the sound of retreating footsteps and overtook a deacon of his church, the husband of the lady whom he had made his pastoral visit to. The parson demanded an explanation and the deacon tried to stand him off with a proposition to unite with him in prayer. The parson preferred, however, to unite with him in a wrestling match in Lancashire style. This gave both parties dead away, and now there is a big scandal in that church, and the lawyers are rubbing their hands in anticipation of getting the whole canting mob into their clutches.

A Brooklyn Romance.

Brooklyn romance always takes queer sensational shapes, and here is the latest. On the 2d inst., at 5 P. M., two ladies came tripping down the bridge at Fulton Ferry after the gates had been closed and when a crowded boat was just leaving the slip. The stouter of the two stepped aboard first, and when her slender young companion attempted to follow her she interposed and delayed so that the girl had but a slight foothold on the moving boat. Then turning suddenly she gave a sly push that tumbled her companion overboard. The girl fell into the water, rigged just as she was in the height of the spring fashion. A wild excitement prevailed on the boat, and was not allayed until it was seen that the bridgemen of the ferry had fished the young woman with a boat-hook, limp, wet, insensible but safe. The lady who had been her companion found a private coach of the most "tony" description waiting for her at the ferry on the Brooklyn side, and entering it was driven away without any inquiry being made. A scandal is said to underlie this event. The stout lady, it is rumored, is the jealous wife of a prominent physician, and the ducked young beauty was guilty of flirting with the sawbones and falling under suspicion of doing something worse.

Opening of the Snake Story Season.

The first snake story of the season comes from Oneonta, N. Y. A man named William Reynolds appeared in town on the 22d ult. with a couple of rattlesnakes with which he proposed to give an exhibition. He made the mistake of getting "full" as a preliminary, and was bitten in the hand by each serpent. The main part of the performance consisted of his death agonies, which were terrible, and lasted for an hour. The horrified citizens who had not bargained for this kind of a show, killed the snakes, and have forbidden snake shows or even snake stories in that neighborhood for this season.



DOC. BAGGS,

THE MILLIONAIRE KING OF BUNKO; NOW IN DENVER, COLO.



THOMAS MCCABE,

SHOT AND FATALLY WOUNDED HIS STEP-MOTHER WHILE ROBBING HER; NEW YORK CITY.



KNOCKED OUT BY A CRIPPLE.

A LEGLESS MENDICANT IN DENVER, COLO., GIVES BATTLE TO TWO POLICEMEN AND VANQUISHES BOTH WITH BLOWS OF HIS SAWED-OFF STUMPS.



A JEALOUS WOMAN'S DEED.

A YOUNG GIRL HURLED FROM A FULTON FERRY-BOAT, NEW YORK, BY A JEALOUS WIFE, WHO PASSES THE ACT OFF AS AN ACCIDENT.

CROOKED LIFE IN NEW YORK.

The Mysteries of Metropolitan Crime and Criminals Unveiled.

By the Author of "The Man-traps of New York," "Furo Exposed," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

SNEAK THIEVES.

In the "Man-traps of New York" I exposed the tricks and devices of the confidence men and hotel sneak thieves of the metropolis. The sneak thieves who prey upon our private houses form a distinct class from those who work the hotels, and are thus well worthy an account here.

Many a thrifty and ordinarily careful housewife, after returning from shopping or marketing, finds to her great consternation that her premises have been ransacked in her absence and everything of portable value carried away. It being her first experience of the kind, perhaps, she is naturally dumfounded with astonishment. To her unsophisticated mind she cannot understand how it has all happened. She has locked the doors on going away and they were locked on her return. There is no evidence of a forcible entry. To one of her simple nature it is nothing short of a startling mystery.

But there is really little mystery about it; it is all system and skill. She has simply been a victim of the all-pervading and indefatigable sneak thief.

The sneak thief of the metropolis has neither business hours nor special customers. All mankind that has houses to live in is his prey and all times, when they are not around, his opportunity. The sneak thief is undoubtedly among the most contemptible and cowardly of his kind, but he has a certain nerve of his own which sometimes prompts him to deeds of literally amazing audacity.

Such a one, for instance, was the raid made on the dwelling of Mr. Lynn, in Waverly place last summer. The house was entered by means of false keys. The family had gone to Coney Island, and upon their return in the evening it looked as if a domestic earthquake had taken place. The contents of trunks and wardrobes were strewn about the floors, bureau drawers were emptied and the family jewelry and silver were missing. In all the thieves had carried away \$2,500 worth of property. In like manner a temporarily vacated house, No 362 Lexington avenue, was stripped of everything of value. The thieves had even carted away the furniture and sold it to several dealers in the neighborhood. The place had been closed, the family having gone to the country. Not a carpet, sofa, chair or bed was left remaining in the house. It was only by an accident that this wholesale despoiling of a household became known to the police. The house, by some mysterious agency, took fire, causing a slight damage. The agent was notified and upon his arrival he saw that thieves had been before him and had carried away the elegant furniture and all else they could lay hands on. The stolen property was traced to several second hand furniture dealers, a few of whom were fined \$25 each for being guilty of the slight irregularity of not having the dates of the purchases entered in their books as required by law.

The sneak thieves conduct their operations on an intelligent plan. They take nothing for granted, and first test the accuracy of their theories before they undertake to put them into practical effect. A window blind, for instance, to the eye of the practised sneak thief will afford a valuable clue as to whether the family are at home or absent. He studies the case thoroughly and then makes up his mind how to act.

If his calculations are correct one turn of a skeleton key admits him to the vacated dwelling. He is left in undisturbed possession of the place and helps himself to whatever he finds of value or covets. In the meantime a confederate stands guard in the street and if danger threatens will pass a preconcerted signal that will enable the operator in the house to effect his retreat.

Sometimes a watch is kept for days on the movements of the inhabitants and the time of their going in and out is carefully noted. With these data a descent is made upon the place with the usual result. Locks and bolts are of small account. They fly open before the magical touch of the sneak thief. A tenant in a well-known up-town east side flat who had been victimized in the manner described, went to a locksmith and at his own personal expense had the locks replaced by others of a more complicated character. The agent looked on pityingly and superciliously remarked, "Where is the use going to that trouble and expense? If they (the sneak thieves) can't master the locks they'll cut through the panel."

The fact is, the skilled sneak thief has kept abreast with all modern inventions and improvements. If some complicated lock or fastening is introduced he puts his ingenuity to work and in time becomes possessed of the secret. In an incredibly short period he laughs at the artifices of the locksmith. With a small piece of wire, a skeleton key, a silk thread and a small screw driver he can vanquish every difficulty in his path.

With these simple contrivances bolts and locks and bars are subordinate to his touch and become obedient to his will. That yard of silk thread, which an infant could snap, accomplishes very intricate results. Attached to a bent wire, of a bow like shape, the wire being thrust through a keyhole, the thread is drawn across the "bit" of the bolt and throws it back. The same thread twisted around the knob of the bolt and drawn outside, and pulled upon when the door is closed, secures the bolt again in the nosing. Entrances are in the majority of cases effected at the rear of the premises. Coal holes also afford an opportunity for sneak thieves to gain access to the interior of a dwelling. That all these well known natural advantages are fully appreciated by the army of sneak thieves who infest this city it would be foolish to doubt.

Regular "sneaks" travel in couples. They travel one on either side of the street; as soon as one determines on a house, he signals the other, and the latter approaches his confederate. The first runs up the front steps and rings the bell. The other sneaks down to the basement door. The servant within starts to answer the summons and as she disappears up the first flight of stairs he picks the lock, and in an instant is within the house. The fellow at the front door detains the servant with inquiries about some one he is

looking for, and expected to find there, until his companion appears in the street with whatever he is able to get hold of quickly. When possible, they select houses where the inhabitants live on the ground floor, and they suit the time to when the servant is engaged "setting" the table. This gives them a chance to get at the silver, which is the best booty they hope for.

In a house where there are a number of servants, they wait until dinner is in progress, slip in by means of a latch-key, rush upstairs to the bed rooms, rifle them, and then make off. If on the hat-stand there are expensive furs, or gold-headed canes, the "sneaks" are often content with them, and do not risk more. Another habit of the "sneak," is to slip into a house or store, during the day, conceal himself in some convenient hole, and when the family have retired, or the shop is shut up for the night, emerge from his hiding-place, and carry away all that comes within his reach.

Many young scamps following the natural bent of their vicious propensities take to sneak thievery at an early age rather than work for an honest living. These abound in almost every tenement house block. They generally confine their attentions to the apartments of the poorer classes, nothing being too insignificant for them to carry away. Their plying, while of small financial profit, is a source of much suffering to the destitute victims, who feel the loss of an old shawl or coat, or some small sum of money, more keenly than do those wealthy property-owners who live in brown stone houses when deprived of valuable jewelry and precious diamonds.

They rarely, however, develop into "second story window operators." If they rise at all, the height of their ambition is to "prig" the table service and other pantry paraphernalia. They never become acquainted with the "science" of the trade.

It is this class of sneak thieves who work the peddling racket. With a small supply of pencils, collar buttons, pins and the like, the "sneak" starts out on a morning, entering a tenement house, where the door is always open, he goes up and down and round about, taking his chances of every room he thinks untenanted, for everything he can lay hands on. Especial sufferers by this method of thievery are the inmates of our office buildings. Lawyers, brokers and merchants, lose books, coats and other valuables constantly by them.

The sneak entering an office and finding a clerk, or perhaps the proprietor himself, dives down into his pocket, draws out the collar buttons or pins, and very innocently requests the person in charge to buy something. He is turned out of one office only to go to another and another, and so on through the whole building. If he enters an office and no one is in sight he calls out "plus," or "matches;" and if he gets no response, walks in, looks about, and quickly and very quietly slips a book under his coat and departs. Happening to meet any person coming in, he, with an assumed innocence, accosts him with, "Can I sell you any sleeve buttons?" or "Do you want any matches?"

If it should happen that an overcoat is hanging in the office the thief appropriates it at once, puts it on and reaches the street in double-quick time. He will even steal bundles of note paper and packages of envelopes, inkstands, rulers, anything portable, in short, that he can find.

The latest dodge of the sneak thief in robbing buildings where there are a number of tenants, is to band around them when they are being opened, and slipping in behind the porter who opens the front door, makes his way to the upper floors and clean them out before the tenant arrive. The sneak will frequently get himself locked in a store over night, make his bundle up at his leisure, and depart when the store is opened in the morning.

The "sneak" is, at times, bold enough to drive away wagon loads of goods in this way, and hours will perhaps elapse before the robbery is detected. At that hour in the day the circumstance of taking things out of a cart into a house in almost any thoroughfare, is not a thing to be wondered at. If people have business of any kind, good or bad, the morning is certain to see the commencement of it. Numbers of stores and warehouses are fastened up at night, and secured with padlocks hanging on the outside of the door. These padlocks are made in large quantities, running regularly in sets of sizes, and the "sneak" has only to glance at one to be able to tell the number of the key that will open it. The lock once undone, the remainder is easy.

In cases of a very difficult lock, and where the results are hoped to be worth the trouble, the "sneak" will send a confederate before him to get an impression of the key. Some morning as your porter is opening, or perhaps sweeping and cleaning up, or some evening as he is closing, a modest-spoken, well-dressed young man, or gentle-looking, retiring widow lady, will approach him to ask a question. It becomes an easy matter for the thief to lay one hand on the key of the lock, which the porter is more than likely to put down on a counter or case while he is talking. At that instant it is done. The palm of the stranger's hand is covered with wax, and he or she has an impression of the key. A duplicate is soon made and the way to the plunder is open to the plunderer.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TILL TAPPERS' LITTLE GAME.

Till tapping and tenement house sneak thieving are the first steps in the New York boy's career of crime, after he has got his hand in by depleting the pockets of his father and mother. Indeed, some of the most formidable of the criminals of the world obtained their first practice in raiding the tills of the unwary.

Till tapping requires reckless courage and quickness, such as boys alone develop. A thief who knows the perils his profession entails on him dreads them. A youth who has not yet tasted danger does not fear the unknown.

Till tappers operate in gangs of three or four. At a time when most of the attendants of a store are at dinner, or engaged so that their attention is diverted from the money drawer, one of the "tappers" walks in and begins pricing things. Another follows, and if there are more than two clerks idle a third turns up and keeps him busy. While this is going on another still slips in, and asks to have a look at the directory or the railway guide, and on this excuse gets at the money drawer and walks quietly away with its contents, leaving the others to follow at their leisure.

Probably the store keeper does not discover his loss for some time, and when he does, it never occurs to him that the nice-looking young man he allowed to write a letter at his desk or the end of the counter, plundered him. It is only the small stores which suffer from this kind of thief, as the large ones have no money drawers, their cash all passing through the hands of a cashier who never leaves his desk.

In many cases the till tapper will sneak in and get behind the counter, rob the drawer, and creep out as he entered. This is dangerous work, though, and is rarely attempted, unless the accomplice can get the storekeeper from behind the counter where the drawer is to a remote part of the shop. Women are frequently employed to do this part of the work, and they bring all their arts into play to accomplish it successfully.

The younger the till tapper is, the more daring, and boys are known to rush into a store, bound over the counter, grab a handful of money from the till and make off before the amazed victim can sufficiently collect himself to call for help or institute pursuit against an enemy whom he could master with one hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RELIGIOUS RAILROAD.

How a Brooklyn Deacon Sanctified Sunday Work With a Prayer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Brooklyn, among all its queer characters, its anomalies and its hypocritical monstrosities, has nothing more wonderful than Deacon Richardson. The deacon is an authority in the Baptist church over there and runs a railroad on truly good moral principles. The deacon beams with saintliness, the odor of sanctity follows him wherever he goes and the unguent of godliness flows as thick on his speech as the brogue on the tongue of a Corkonian. You could cut either with a knife. The deacon's moral goodness ameliorates the woes of drivers and conductors. It is so pleasant to feel that there is an extra trip put on you without compensation or that you are docked half a week's salary, when it is done with a religious smirk and in a prayerful spirit. Oh, a really good man is the hoary-headed deacon. And a real religious railroad is that Brooklyn street railroad of his.

Now this good deacon has pre-empted most of the streets and avenues of Brooklyn to run his cars in and the wicked taxpayers who have presumed to oppose his moral religious projects have invariably failed and come to grief, as the wicked always do when they are met by the prayers of the godly.

A fortnight ago these wicked taxpayers, inspired by Satan doubtless, undertook to play the holy man for a sucker. Knowing his truly good and moral habits, they prepared to get an injunction that would prevent him laying his railroad tracks for an extension through one of their avenues.

They had their plans laid of a Saturday and feeling sure that he could not work on a Sunday rested in easy anticipation of Monday when their injunction would be granted. But the deacon was fly. He divided his laborers into two gangs on the bright Sunday morn and led the one gang in a service of song and prayer while the other laid the track and slogged the sassy citizens. Then the gangs changed about so that each might have a whack at the devotional exercises and then, when the road had been completed at nightfall, the deacon dismissed his open air devotional meeting with the benediction and retired from the gaze of those heathen taxpayers with his thumb applied to his nose and agitating his fingers in graceful religious declension.

Thus the deacon downed Satan on his own ground and yet preserved his reputation, carried on a mission, got his railroad laid, dodged the injunction and saved his soul. Truly there's nothing like religion in men or business or railroads. It pays. Ask the deacon.

HYMEN'S CURIOS.

Specimens of Queer, Quaint, and Sensational Methods of Tying the Love Knot.

JOHN JONES, of Kingston Hollow, Pa., entertained a new "mash" in the parlor of his residence while his wife was engaged patching his old trousers in the back room. She heard the rocking chair smash down and rushed into the room. She says the article of furniture was a prime one but it broke into firewood because it was never intended to hold two. She gave Jones a piece of her mind but finding that he would not reform she took a "mash" to her bosom too and claimed the parlor to receive him in. The two couples met there several evenings after and a big row was the consequence. It ended in Mrs. Jones having Mr. Jones arrested for adultery and gave her the full use of the premises. She and her young man visited her husband in jail and promised to let him out if he would agree to stay away from the house. He agreed and was let out. He at once charged the woman and the man, who has a wife, with adultery and they were locked up for lack of bail. He and his young lady now have full use of the parlor with no one to dispute their authority.

THE Allegheny, Pa., city poor house has been in a turmoil over the fact that on the 20th ult. the wife of Mr. Tomlinson caught him in the bedroom of Mrs. Geary, an official of the institution. Tomlinson used to make the excuse that he went up stairs to repair the water pipes but they were reported out of order so often that suspicion was aroused and he was caught. Mrs. Tomlinson was up to this last hymeneal racket.

ROPING IN A RUFFIAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was, up to a couple of weeks ago, a desperado in West Virginia who had made himself the terror of the district. Finally last March he committed a murder at Grafton and fled into the mountains. Towards the end of last month two young ladies, the daughters of a railroad official, settled in the district, went into the hills shooting and they were lurching in a lonely ravine when Joe Burke, the desperado, appeared suddenly before them, armed to the teeth. He demanded their money and sat coolly down to demolish their lunch. The girls managed to reach their rifles and before the ruffian comprehended their movement they had drawn bead on him and had him at their mercy. With a rope around his neck they marched him into Grafton that night and he is now in jail there awaiting the trial which is to send him to the gallows.

WITCHES IN PHILADELPHIA.

Two sisters, witch-like old women of Philadelphia, who live in great poverty, have an affection for cats and dogs and have accumulated a great number of these animals in their cellar and back yard, to the great annoyance of the neighbors. Complaint was made and on a day last week the police made a descent and captured fifty-seven cats and four dogs, a dozen or more of the curs managing to escape. The old women were furious and vow they will fill the place up with cats in greater number than before.

WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

Tender Morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Tea-Table Gossips Enjoy.

HELEN M. YOUNG, wife of a leading merchant of Cincinnati, began suit for divorce on May 21. Her petition quotes numerous adulteries and alleges that he has been travelling around the country with a beautiful young married lady of Cincinnati whom he registered at the hotels as his sister. He is worth \$150,000 and his angry wife made a break for a good slice of alimony the first thing.

A YOUNG lady named Etta May met a nice young man on the platform of the railroad depot at Davenport, Iowa, and kissed him fondly. A young married woman named Mrs. Applegate standing by took jealous offense at this and tore out Etta's hair. As the young man is no relative of Mrs. Applegate's, Miss May wants to know how his kisses concerned her. Mr. Applegate is in the same inquiring frame of mind, and has separated from his wife while the detectives are searching for an answer to the question.

On the 18th ult. Samuel H. Foster, principal of a prominent hardware manufacturing firm of Meriden, Conn., made a row that brought out a scandal which he has had repressed for several months. It appears that he was caught by his wife and other witnesses in the act of committing adultery with a young and pretty school-teacher, Miss Hattie Symonds, and the wife, after beginning a suit for divorce, left him. Then he began to protest his love and demanded a reconciliation, but she rejected his offers. On the 18th he heard that his wife had returned to town and was stopping at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Rand. He went there and being refused admission battered in the door with an axe, and meeting his sister in the hallway knocked her down. This brought him to court and occasioned a give-away of the entire scandal.

ELOPERS AT SEA.

An Angry Husband Pursues a Stowaway and Gets Ample Revenge.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. Arthur Penney, of Cumberland, Va., missed his wife on the 18th of February. He tracked her to New York with a young Englishman who had been a clerk in a grocery store in Washington. Clara was young and fair and had a nice little fortune in her own right so Mr. Penney thought she was worth hunting for. He had gone dead broke in the course of his quest in the metropolis and was about to give up the search in despair and return to his home when he unexpectedly fell upon the trail of the eloping couple.

They had taken passage for Europe on an Anchor Line steamer. It was within a few hours of the vessel's sailing when he made this discovery and he had no money, but he bravely rushed aboard and concealed himself in the hold. The third day out he was discovered and dragged out half dead from hunger and thirst. The gruff captain ordered that the stowaway should be put in the ship's kitchen and be made to do all the dirty work to pay his passage across the ocean. In this humble and humiliating position he was compelled to view the amorous relations of his wife and her escort when they took their daily airings on the aristocratic after deck which was forbidden him.

One balmy evening, however, the unsuspecting elopers wandered forward for seclusion and sat down on a coil of rope to bill and coo in quiet. They were within reach of the vengeful cook's assistant for the first time and he eagerly availed himself of this golden opportunity. Seizing upon the immense pot of soup he baptised the pair with its contents and then battered the man to insensibility with the stout utensil. There was a great row and the captain's authority was invoked. The woman begged however that there should be no steps taken to bring about an exposure and agreed to give up to her husband the jewels and the \$5,000 in cash which she had stolen from him.

With this restitution and the punishment he had given Lothario the Benedict declared himself satisfied and vowed he would not have the woman again as a gift, although she manifested a willingness to return. The husband returned in the first cabin in the next trip and the wife continued her European tour with her lover, somewhat battered and much the worse from the wear and tear of his eventful voyage.

WOMEN'S DEVILTRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison With the Stronger.

ZOE WATKINS, a beautiful girl aged 15, was trusted by her wealthy father to go from Denver with her elder sister on a visit to some relatives in New Orleans, La. The girls stopped several days at St. Louis with some friends, but one afternoon Miss Zoe went out for a walk and did not come back. A search established the fact that she and a strange young woman had bought railroad tickets for Kansas city, but there the clue was dropped, and since that time nothing has been seen or heard of her, nor is it known why she "skipped."

On July 20, 1880, Laura Courtney, step-daughter of Henry B. Courtney, the match maker, of Wilmington, Del., eloped with Matthew Hayden, a young florist employed by Edward Tatnall, a wealthy citizen. Tatnall being interviewed by a reporter, stated that Laura was not the daughter of the Courtney's, and that \$10,000 awaited her from her real father when she came of age. This stirred up the ire of the Courtneys, and Mrs. C., lying in wait for Tatnall, beat him in the public street, striking him over the head and face. On the 18th ult. Tatnall recovered \$1,000 damages and \$300 costs for the beating.

THOMAS McCABE.

[With Portrait.]

Thomas McCabe, whose portrait appears on another page, is now an inmate of the Tombs. He is a hoodlum about 16 years old and a fit subject for the gallows. On Saturday, May 13, he shot and probably fatally wounded his step-mother, Catherine McCabe, an old lady aged 65. The tragedy occurred at her residence, No. 24 James street in this city. The young scamp committed the crime for the purpose of robbery. He deliberately shot the old lady and while she lay unconscious on the floor bleeding from her wound searched her pockets taking therefrom \$15 in cash and removed from her neck a gold chain and watch. The money belonged to a land league of which the woman's husband was treasurer. Neighbors found Mrs. McCabe and raised an alarm. The police ran the boy down in a shooting gallery in the Bowery where he was sporting a new suit of clothes.

THE MERRY MALLEYS.

Blanche and the Boys Coming Gaily
"Out of the Woods."

An Array of Hard Swearers, who
Testify that it Wasn't Jennie Cra-
mer on the Flying Horses.

The defence in the case of the Malles, on trial for the murder of Jennie Cramer, began operations jubilantly on the 23d ult. It was apparent that the prosecution after driving so many nails had not clenched them. Several of the boys' counsel were in favor of letting the case go to the jury without evidence, but the majority of the legal talent being paid by the day and not by the job, over-ruled this proposition. It was determined, though, to begin without an opening speech and to let the witnesses make the points with the jury. The Malles came up smiling and confident that their dark days are over and the merry times are at hand. Their relatives clustered thickly about them, bright in sheen of silk, gloss of broadcloth and radiance of smiles. The prosecution was all scowls. Mr. Doolittle had justified his name: in trying to do too much he had done too little.

The testimony of the defence was solid towards establishing an alibi for Walter and James. Mr. Richard W. Walte testified that at 9 A. M. on August 4, he saw Jennie Cramer and Blanche Douglass leaving the Malley mansion. Walter and James were standing at the front door. Jennie Cramer, who was dressed in white, looked back over her shoulder and waved her hand to them.

Rebecca Ullman testified that she met Jennie at half past eleven on the morning of August 4, in Grand street, New Haven. She was alone.

This was the time she left her mother's and indicates that she was alone, and not with Blanche Douglass as the prosecution attempted to prove.

Albert Massure, a conductor on a horse car running between New Haven and Savin Rock, testified that at ten minutes to 12 on Aug 4 he noticed a young lady in white, evidently much excited, standing up in his car. The cars always stop on Church street after crossing Chapel. When the car stopped there she told him she guessed she would get off. She did so, but when the car had gone thirty or forty feet she hailed him again and again got on.

A mile and a half from Savin Rock he left the car to get his dinner, the lady remaining on. She resembled the pictures of Jennie Cramer.

Frank N. Kelsey testified that at noon on Aug. 4 he was on the same car with Jennie, whom he knew, on the way to Savin Rock.

Mrs. Mary Flanagan, who also knew Jennie, testified that the young woman was on the car and went to Savin Rock. She did not get off at the grove where the flying horses are but went on to the rock, a quarter of a mile further. Witness saw her alight and go up the face of the rock and along a little path to the right leading to a grove. There she lost sight of her.

Mrs. Samuel Colt saw all that Mrs. Flanagan saw. Eugene Schott and Charles Gates also saw Jennie alone on the horse car.

Mrs. Charles Hawley, a colored woman, testified that Jennie brought her a white dress to be fluted on the evening of Tuesday, Aug. 2, and called for and got it on the following evening, Aug. 3.

Mrs. Caroline Volkenberg, who lived two or three doors from the Cramers, saw Jennie pass on Tuesday, Aug. 2, with a white dress on her arm; saw her coming home on Wednesday, Aug. 3, with a fluted dress in her hands. She was then dressed in blue cambric.

On the 23d ult. the defence called three additional witnesses to prove that Jennie was alone at the picnic at Savin Rock.

Mrs. Mary Jane Clark saw a young lady answering Jennie's description and dressed as she was alone at Savin Rock, between 6 and 7 P. M. on Aug. 4. Witness' mother and sister remarked to her, "What a pretty girl!" and this fixed the circumstance in witness' mind.

Frederick C. King, clerk at the Branford Point House, testified that he saw Walter Malley and a lady there on Friday evening, Aug. 5 at a quarter past 9. The register of the hotel was produced and showed the following entries:

Friday, Aug. 5, 1931.	
W. E. Malley.....New Haven.....	Extra Supper.
Miss A. Douglas.....New York.....	
George B. Clark.....Ansonia.....	Carried to
G. A. Hawley.....Ansonia.....	Saturday.
W. H. Randall.....Ansonia.....	
E. H. Hotchkiss.....Ansonia.....	
J. Cramer.....Ansonia.....	

W. E. Malley, New Haven, Miss A. Douglas, New York, J. Cramer and the words "Carried to Saturday" seem to be in the same handwriting. They are written in a careless flowing hand, with a backward tendency in the "J. Cramer." The names "Clark, Hawley, Randall and Hotchkiss" are scratched. "Hawley, Randall and Hotchkiss" are in the same handwriting. The entries are made at the bottom of the page. Mr. King said that the first two names were written by Walter Malley. The four following names were entered on Saturday by mistake, and were afterward transferred to their proper place under date of Saturday, Aug. 6. The name "J. Cramer," he thought, was written there by some visitor long after the finding of the body. He never saw it there until the register was exhibited at the preliminary examination in West Haven. Mr. King was positive that Walter Malley was there on Friday evening at the specified time. He distinctly remembered that Bookkeeper Oliver overcharged him two dollars, and that he advised him to refund the money.

The witness was questioned particularly concerning a conversation with Benj. F. Brady at Newtown, Conn. [Brady was a witness for the prosecution.] He alleged that King tried to bribe him, and that he urged him to visit the Malley boys at the jail, saying that they wanted to see him, but he made nothing of his turning over of the witness.

It was evident that the prosecutor had his suspicions as to the truth of this testimony. His cross-examination indicated that he thought the entries in the hotel register were bogus.

Maggie Kane testified that she was dressed in white and rode on the flying horses on the night of Aug. 5. She too, made the exclamation when she dismounted: "My God, I'm paralyzed!" A man named Thomas Degnan rode beside her and when she alighted they went in opposite directions. She wanted to get rid of him because he used vulgar expressions. Degnan corroborated her testimony.

John H. Haswell testified that he saw Degnan and Maggie Kane on the flying horses and heard the exclamation of Maggie.

Charles M. Bryant of Meriden, clerk of the Elliott House, knew Blanche Douglass was in the house at 2 P. M. on Aug. 4 because she took a bath at that hour and he recorded it in the register.

Hon. Michael P. Harding testified that on Friday evening, Aug. 5, he left Branford for New Haven a little before 7 P. M. He met Walter Malley and a lady in a buggy coming up the first hill after leaving the East Haven line. It was then 20 minutes after 7.

Four other citizens testified that they met or passed them in the buggy and identified the dress waist worn by Blanche.

SCRAPS OF ROMANCE.

Eccentricities of the Lovelorn and the Victims of Super-heated Emotions.

THE Lafayette, Ind., Times got hold of an item of scandal to the effect that "Dr. C. W. Shell had a caller at his office a few nights ago, and this caller was so anxious to see the M. D. that the door was broken down." This was taken to mean that a married woman was discovered in the doctor's consultation office by her irate husband, who broke down the door in his haste to assist at the "consultation." The doctor went to the newspaper office on the 24th ult., the day after this publication, flung the inkstands around, wrestled the editor and was finally fired out by the foreman. This only started the story with a fresh impetus, and set off the lady whose name was used, and she added to the interest of the situation by co-widing two men who were spreading the details of the scandal. When the doctor has doctored himself back to his normal condition he will probably take the snap latch off his door or drop his female patients, since they have proven so dangerous.

CHARLES MARKLEY, a bachelor aged 52, has appealed to the Supreme Court from the judgment of Lancaster County (Pa.) Court where Eliza Kessinger, a maiden of 37, lately succeeded in obtaining a verdict of \$907 against him for breach of promise. Markley lived in Maytown, Pa., across the way from a hotel kept by a Mrs. Heiland, for whom Eliza worked occasionally as a seamstress. Markley saw and loved her. She says he had visited her only a dozen times when, on Sunday, Aug. 10, 1928, he asked her to marry him. After manifesting the regulation amount of coyness she jumped at the offer, and the second Thursday in February was selected as the fatal day. Eliza claims to have made great preparations and put all her friends under contribution for wedding presents, of which a large amount was gathered. Everything progressed favorably she says, until Jan. 26, when "Charley" called on her and made the alarming statement that "he guessed he was too old and too lame to get married." As if lameness had anything to do with it! She laughed him to scorn, said he should have thought of that sooner—that now it was altogether too late to protrude his game leg between them and the altar of sacrifice. He now tries to wriggle out on appeal by alleging that the contract was no good, having been made on a Sunday.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Divers Sources.

A SHORT time since the will of John T. Johns was broken by a Baltimore jury and the verdict distributed \$200,000 among the natural heirs. The lawyers are trying to impeach this verdict on the ground that one of the jurors was unduly influenced by a flirtation in the court room with one of the parties in interest. The evidence is that the two exchanged glances and smiles during the trial; that they bowed to each other on meeting in the street; that he said to a fellow juror, "How can we give a verdict against such a pretty girl?" and that he has since become a suitor for her hand. This last point has not only stirred up the lawyers but has made the rest of that jury fairly wild with jealousy.

A MISERLY farmer of Litchfield, Mass., has been buying broken down horses in the spring, paying fairly nothing for them, working them to death in one summer and realizing on their hoofs and hides in the fall, thus avoiding the cost of wintering them. This paid well until a week or two ago when he was arrested and fined a large sum for cruelty to animals.

A RESPECTABLY dressed, middle-aged woman took laudanum in a drug store in Third avenue near 95th street, New York, on the afternoon of the 23d ult. and fell insensible. She was revived by an electric battery and said her name was Staples and that she had been turned out of her lodging and was in despair and hence the laudanum and the desire to be a rather *passé* angel.

THE MODESTY OF GENIUS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A story is going the rounds of an actor of the scene chewing order who during a recent tour of California and Oregon adopted a novel method of advertising himself. Wherever he stopped he made it a point to be late to table and preceding his appearance a waiter placed on his chair a placard announcing that the seat would be occupied by him. This of course attracted attention and covered its subject all over with glory, or what passed for glory with him.

At Portland, Oregon, however, an irreverent guest got the better of him. As soon as the waiter placed the placard the guest found an opportunity to slip a plate of boiling hot soup into the seat. The eminent tragedian did not dine at table that day and at last accounts he was still taking his meals standing.

MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Cayvan is one of the latest of our younger actresses who have made a hit and assumed a place of prominence before the public. A pupil of Steele MacKaye the peculiar methods of that peculiar theorist have been modified out of their offensiveness by her and her natural taste has developed with experience until she stands to-day a figure of much present performance and future promise in her chosen profession. Her performances with the Madison Square Company have made her widely known to our theatre-goers and since her retirement from that connection she has steadily advanced in the various roles which have fallen to her share. Miss Cayvan is at present a member of the "Old Shipmates" company and does some of the best acting in that popular play.

A BASHFUL BRIDEGROOM.

How He Demoralized a Bevy of Bridesmaids on His Wedding Night.

THE *Missouri Republican* is responsible for the following thrilling story: Senator Sebastian of Arkansas, was a native of Hickman County, Tennessee. On one occasion a member of Congress was lamenting his bashfulness and awkwardness. "Why," said the senator from Rackensack, "You don't know what bashfulness is. Let me tell you a story, and when I get through I will stand the bob if you don't agree that you never knew anything about bashfulness and its baneful effects. I was the most bashful boy west of the Alleghenies. I wouldn't look at a girl, much less speak to a maiden; but for all that I fell desperately in love with a sweet, beautiful neighbor girl. It was a desirable match on both sides, and the old folks saw the drift and fixed it up. I thought I should die just thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward, country lout about 19 years old. She was an intelligent, refined and fairly well-educated girl in the country and at a time when the girls had superior advantages, and were therefore superior in culture to the boys. I fixed the day as far as I could have put it off. I lay awake in a cold perspiration as the time drew near, and shivered with agony as I thought of the terrible ordeal.

"The dreadful day came. I went through with the programme somehow in a dazed, confused, mechanical sort of way, like an automaton booby, through a supper where I could eat nothing, and through such games as 'possum pie,' 'sister Phoebe,' and all that sort of thing. The guests one by one departed and my hair began to stand on end. Beyond the awful curtain of Isis lay the terrible unknown. My blood grew cold and boiled by turns. I was in a fever and then an ague, pale and flushed by turns. I felt like fleeing to the woods, spending the night in a barn, leaving for the west never to return. I was deeply devoted to Sallie. I loved her harder than a mule can kick; but that dreadful ordeal—I could not, I dared not stand it. Finally the last guest was gone, the bride retired, the family gone to bed, and I was left alone—horror of horrors, alone with the old man.

"John," said he, 'you can take that candle; you will find your room just over this. Good night, John, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul,' and with a mischievous twinkle of his fine grey eyes the old man left the room. I mentally said 'amen' to his 'heaven help you,' and when I heard him close a distant door staggered to my feet and seized the farthing dip with a nervous grasp. I stood for some minutes contemplating my terrible fate and the inevitable and speedy doom about to overwhelm me. I knew that it could not be avoided and yet I hesitated to meet my fate like a man. I stood so long that three love letters had grown on the wick of the tallow dip and a winding-sheet was decorating the side of the brass candlestick.

"A happy thought struck me. I hastily climbed the stair, marked the position of the landing and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have died before I would have disrobed in that holy chamber where awaited me a trembling and beautiful girl, a blushing maiden, clothed upon with her own beauty and modesty and her snowy robe de nuit. I would make the usual preparations without, blow out the light, open the door and friendly night would shield my shrinking modesty and bashfulness and grateful darkness at least mitigate the horrors of the situation.

"It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in their character in Hickman, altogether consisting of disrobing, and owing to the scarcity of cloth in those days man was somewhere near the Adamic state when he was prepared to woo sweet sleep. The dreadful hour had come; I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door knob with a deathly grip and a nervous clutch; one moment and it would be over.

"One moment and it wasn't over by a d-d sight. I leaped within and there afoond glowing hickory fire, with candles brightly burning on the mantle and bureau, was the blushing bride, surrounded by the six lovely bridesmaids."

A SCANDAL WITH A CORPSE IN IT.

The Alleged Shooting of a Young Doctor by a Jealous Husband.

Dr. George B. Upham, aged 30, son of a prominent physician of Yonkers, N. Y., died at his father's residence there on the 24th ult. The rumor got around that the dashing young sawbones had been shot by Leopold Schepp, the cocoanut desiccator who does business in Duane street, New York. Schepp lately got a divorce from his wife and young Upham was the co-respondent in the case. This gave color to the rumor but the relatives of the dead man denied the story and Schepp declared he had not done the shooting, but was willing to bear the accusation rather than have the real party suspected or annoyed. The whole affair is shrouded in a mystery that is decidedly pliant. Owing to the wealth of the parties, however, it will probably prove in its inner details one of those things that no fellow can find out—not even a coroner.

A FRENCH FIDDLER'S "RUN."

[With Portrait.]

A French violin virtuoso, Charles Belfort, whose portrait we give, has suddenly become worth a reward of \$50. It is rare that a fiddler is worth so much, but it must be said that added to the fiddler there is a fiddle said to be a \$500 Maggini instrument, which was missing at the same time he disappeared from Orange, N. J. O. C. Benjamin & Son of Orange, who owned the violin in question, offer the reward, and in their description of the virtuoso give him a very complete laying out. They say he is in the habit of borrowing fine violins from professional musicians and disposing of them. Among his victims was a fiddle-playing clergyman, who had to pay \$25 to redeem his favorite instrument. Belfort is a good musician having been a soloist in the Symphony Society and Philharmonic concerts, and a prominent instrumentalist under the baton of Theodore Thomas.

A DOG WHO IS A SPORT.

He Coaches a Trotting Mare from His Stable and Makes Her Win.

There was an unusual event at the West Side Park trotting meeting at Jersey City on the 28th ult., which aroused considerable enthusiasm.

The second race was a match for \$200. Billy Barefoot won in four heats. Time 2:50½, 2:43½, 2:43½, 2:46½.

In this race Kate won third heat. She broke at the start and appeared to have no chance to win than in the other heats, but just as the horses started a

white dog named Jack, owned by Thomas Guttier, which had been stabled with Kate, rushed onto the track. He had broken his chain in the stable. As if he had seen that Kate was losing he ran to her side, barking encouragement. She settled into a trot and with him at her heels gained ground, straining every nerve until she got to the half pole.

At this point he fell behind and Kate began at once to lose ground. This did not meet with Jack's wa. He sprang once more to her side and leaping and barking pushed her to the top of her strength. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and men swung their hats in excitement. Kate in a fine burst of speed won by a neck with Jack in the lead and seemingly beside himself with joy. The novel sight was greeted with extravagant manifestations of delight on the grand stand. Old horsemen said that they had never seen such an exhibition before.

THE MURDERED OFFICIALS.

Lord Cavendish, Chief Secretary of Ireland, and Under-Secretary Burke.

[With Portraits.]

On another page will be found portraits of Lord Cavendish and Under-Secretary Burke, who were murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin, May 6th. Lord Frederick Cavendish was born at Compton Place, the Sussex seat of the Cavendishes on November 30th, 1836. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and shortly after graduating entered the public service as Secretary to Lord Granville. He occupied this position until 1884, when he married the Hon. Lucy Caroline, second daughter of Lord Lyttleton, and settled down for a while in the quiet life of a country gentleman. He was soon, however, called from his retirement, and returned to Parliament as member for the Northwest riding of Yorkshire. On the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power, he received the appointment of Junior Lord of the Treasury, with a salary of \$10,000 a year. This position he held until he was made, a short time before his death, Chief Secretary of Ireland. He was a member of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of England. His father, the Duke of Devonshire, who is in his seventy-fifth year, is the owner of close on 200,000 acres of land, a considerable part of which is situated in Ireland. The Marquis of Hartington, an elder brother of the deceased, and Lord Edward Cavendish, a younger brother, have figured in political life.

Thomas Henry Burke, Under-Secretary for Ireland, was a son of the late William Burke, Esq., of Knocknagar, County of Galway. He was heir presumptive of Sir John Lionel Burke, Bart., and was born on the 29th of May, 1823. He had held his position for many years, and was one of the best posted men on Irish affairs in the kingdom.

MORE STAGE MATRIMONY.

A Comic Opera Singer's Wife Who Couldn't Live on Love Letters.

On the 11th ult., at Portland, Oregon, May Casselli Runnells, on being informed that Tom Casselli, the opera singer, was supposed to have left San Francisco for Australia, said she was glad of it. Mrs. Runnells says that before leaving San Francisco she wrote to Casselli, telling him of her intended trip to Portland and approaching marriage with Bonnie Runnells, the Dutch clown and singer, and that, as no answer came, she considered that silence gave consent. She and Bonnie were married in Portland on the 8th ult. She left Casselli because he was absent with Emelle Melville's troupe for seven months from her, and sent not a cent of money, thinking to feed her on love-letters, which were frequent and ardent, but were accompanied by no postal orders. He also objected to her working in any place suggested by her, and positively forbade her speaking to her most intimate friends. She had to do something, and as Bonnie Runnells was under engagement and wanted to marry her, she consented. She took no chances, however, of being arrested for bigamy, as she knew there were no witnesses to the marriage, which took place in Sacramento, Cal., in January, 1878, and that Casselli sent the marriage certificate to his mother, who destroyed it. She further says that Casselli married her under an assumed name, which she has not forgotten, and that his real name is Shapcott. Mr. and Mrs. Runnells are doing Dutch comic business at the Elite Variety Theatre in Portland.

MURDERED IN A CIRCUS.

A Police Officer Killed in a Fight With a Drunken Ruffian.

When W. S. Barrett & Co's circus showed in Connelville, Pa., on the 24th ult. fully one-half of the town had a holiday drunk on. There were several fights during the night and finally toward the close of the performance a rough becoming noisy was yanked out to the lockup. While he was being removed a spectator named Jesse Lowe remarked that no policeman could cage him. Officer McCormick told him to sit down and Lowe struck out at him.

The two men then began a desperate fight rolling together on the ground, kicking, gouging and biting. Officer Robb came up to assist McCormick and when about to pull Lowe off the latter's brother, Baird Lowe, rushed up and within a few feet of Robb fired two shots at him in quick succession from a revolver. Robb fell dead. The assassin turned to fly amid great excitement but was captured. It was with the greatest difficulty the mob was prevented from lynching the murderer. Both of the Lowes were severely beaten about the head and injured by missiles thrown at them by the crowd.

They were smuggled away to Uniontown and lodged in jail. Had they remained in Connelville no force could have saved them from the furious lynchers.

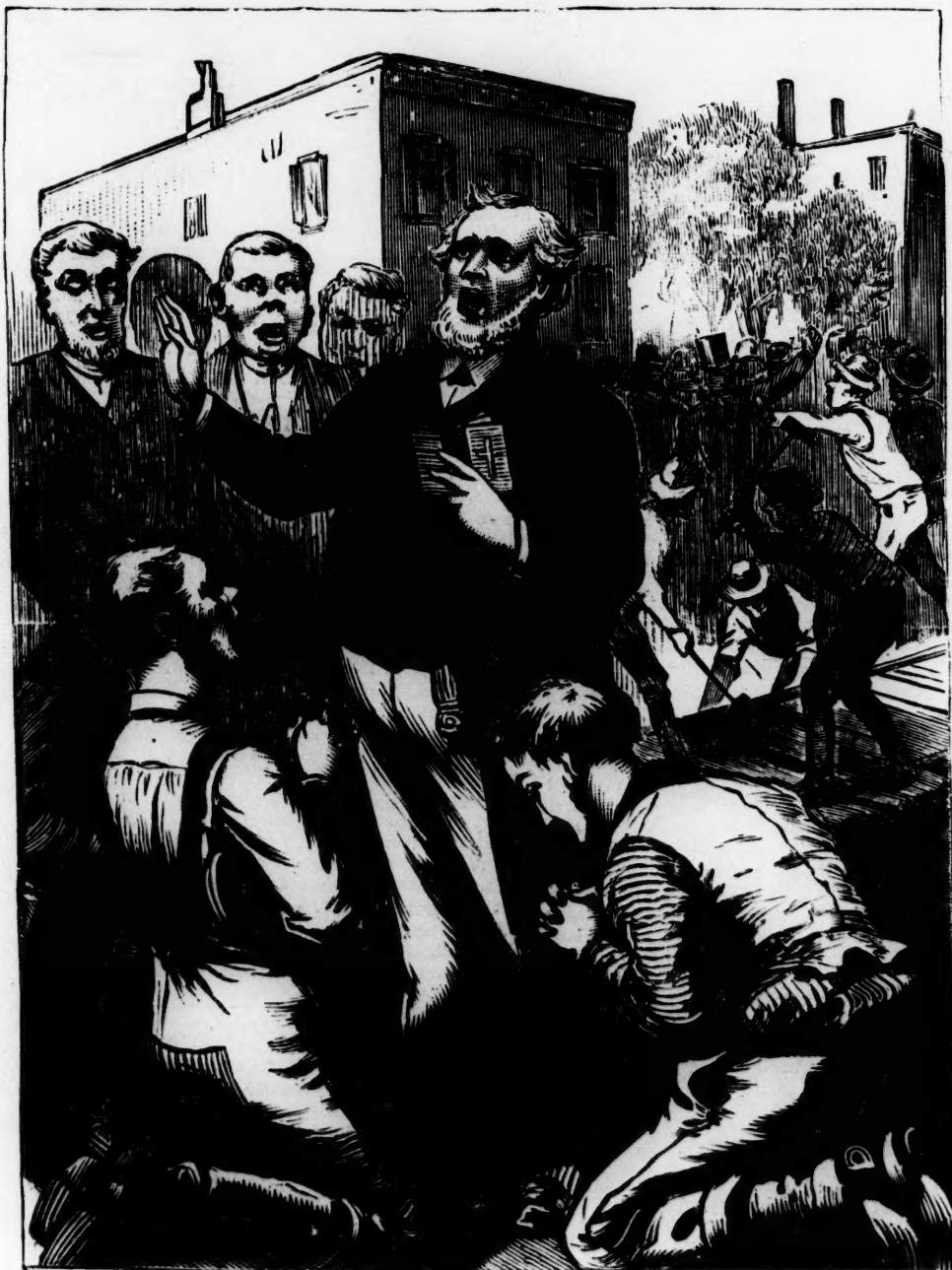
A DEED OF HORROR.

A WELL-TO-DO farmer of Cedar Township, Iowa, named John McMenomon, was murdered on the 19th ult. by his daughter Mary, aged 14. The son, aged 19, had been for some time past trying to induce his father to transfer all his property to him, but the old man refused, and in the course of the quarrel with his children, the old man was shot by the girl whom he had been abusing. Mary was lodged in jail. Her version is that his first wife, her mother, has been dead ten years and his second wife is in the insane asylum. He has abused his children with the evident desire to get rid of them. On the day of the murder, he abused and kicked her, and she shot him after giving him warning to take his hands off her. Her brother was arrested as an accessory. Mary had borrowed her brother's revolver to shoot her father.



"HORRORS ON HORROR'S HEAD."

A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN OF SYRACUSE SHOT BY THE GUARDS IN A CEMETERY NEAR ONONDAGA, N. Y., WHILE ENGAGED IN A GRAVE-ROBBING ENTERPRISE.



SANCTIFYING SUNDAY WORK.

HOW DEACON RICHARDSON, OF BROOKLYN, L. I., BEAT THE DEVIL ROUND THE STUMP AND LAID HIS RAILROAD TRACKS IN SPITE OF THE WICKED CITIZENS.

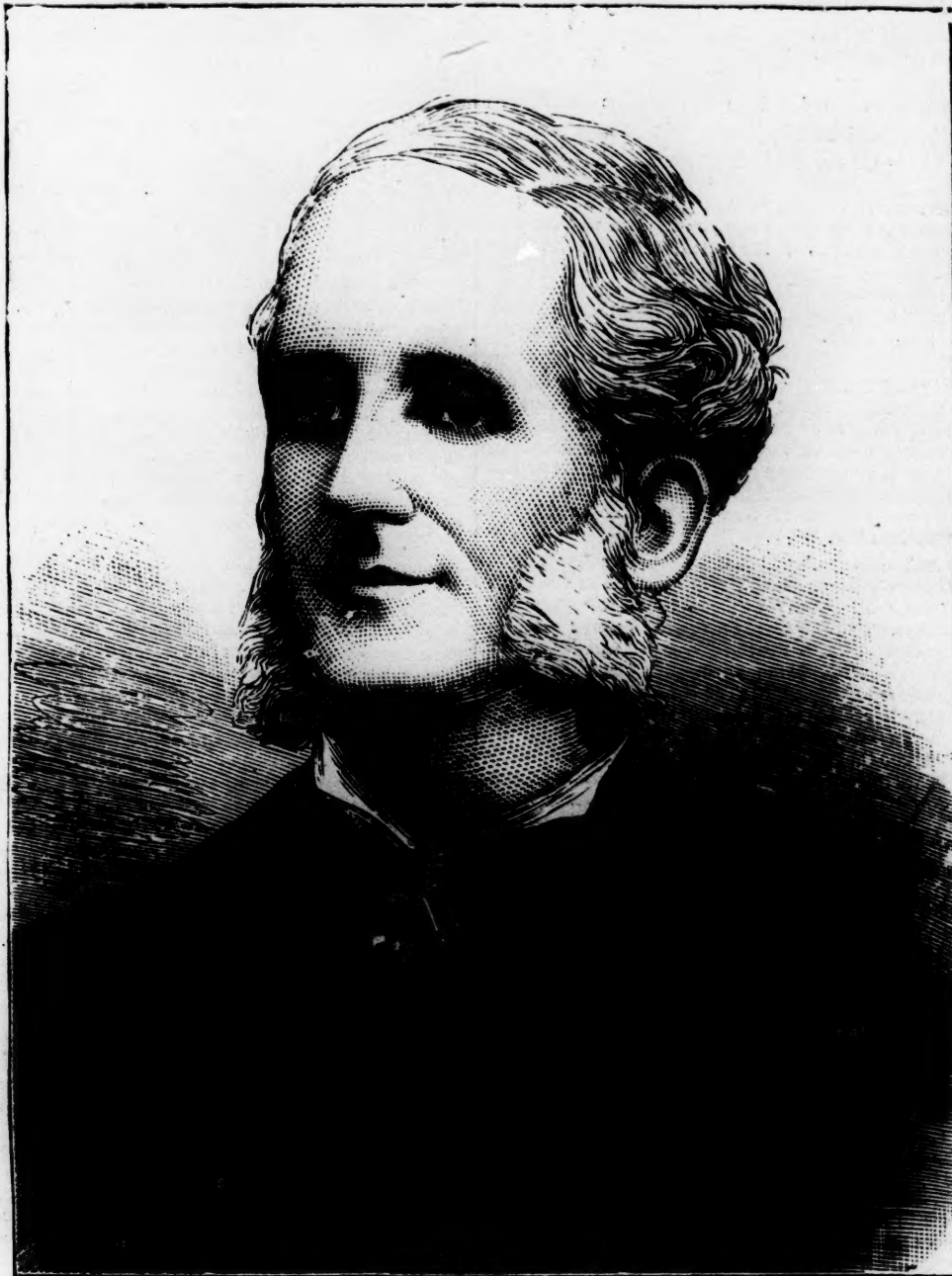


"HE LOVES ME—HE LOVES ME NOT!"

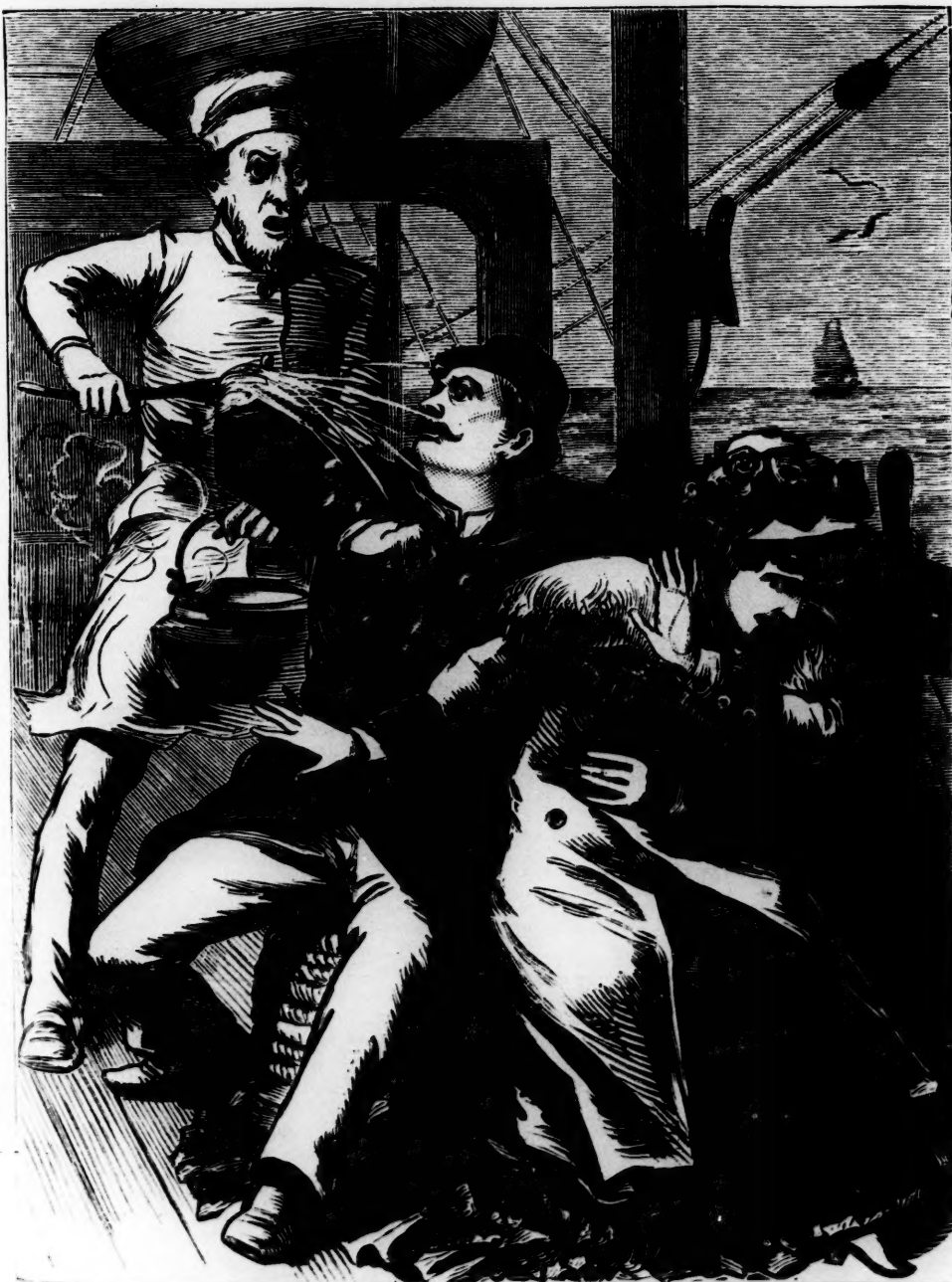
HOW A YOUNG GIRL OF NEW ORLEANS, LA., FORCED HER BASHFUL LOVER TO HASTEN HIS AVOWAL BY AN OLD FORMULA REVISED.



THE LATE LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH,
CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND—MURDERED IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.



THE LATE THOMAS HENRY BURKE,
UNDER SECRETARY OF IRELAND—MURDERED IN PHOENIX PARK.



AN ELOPEMENT SPOILED.

A FAITHLESS WIFE AND HER LOVER "SKIP" FOR EUROPE, BUT HAVE THEIR BILL-
ING AND COOING INTERRUPTED BY THE STOWAWAY HUSBAND.



THE WAGES OF SIN.

A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY GIRL, AFTER A BRIEF CAREER OF DISSIPATION IN A NEW
YORK BAGNIO, IS DRIVEN FROM ITS DOORS TO DIE IN THE STREETS.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Several Parsons in Peculiarly Perplexing Predicaments.

Members of the Angelic Coterie Stripped of Hypocrisy's Mask and "Downed" by the Devil.

REV. DR. CANNON, a colored preacher, returned to his home in Columbia, Tenn., on the 21st ult., after an absence of four years. He had not been back an hour when he had a quarrel with his wife and seizing an axe split her head open. He also chopped off the head of a child who chanced to be in the room. The parson was lodged in jail.

MRS. ELIZA HATHAWAY, a Captain of the "Salvation Army" in S. Bourbridge, England, was arrested on the 11th ult. on a charge of bigamy. She first married an old religious cove of Birmingham named Hathaway, but eighteen months ago, while obtaining converts, she "mashed" as well as converted a young fellow and married him, pretending she was a widow. So one of the salvation captains is now in jail, and there is no salvation for her.

It will be remembered that on Feb. 14 a Jew named Wolf Hirsch Rosenstrauch was arrested in Newark, N. J., for blasphemy on complaint of Gottfried Deuschle. The Jew had ventured to express a doubtful opinion on Christ's paternity, and Deuschle, who says he is a Catholic, was so shocked that he had the blasphemer arrested. The case came to trial on the 21st ult. Deuschle was forced to admit on the stand that he was once convicted of murder in the old country, but said that it was all a mistake. Mrs. Deuschle had heard the offensive remark, too, but admitted that the Jew had just before refused to give her husband credit for some goods. The defendant Jew said he had the greatest respect for Christ, and hadn't used the language imputed to him. The Christian was only getting square with him for having refused to trust him for goods. The jury found the Jew not guilty; but for all that, Bob Ingersoll had better steer clear of Newark, for doubtless it would not go so well with him there. His criticism of Moses would send him up for forty years, dead sure.

A FAMILY in Sandwich, Ill., named Lay got religion so bad that they have all become either cranks or corpses. Mrs. James A. Lay, a woman old enough to know better, began to think two months ago that she had been interviewed by the Savior and that he had appointed her his heavenly envoy extraordinary to the United States. In this delusion she was encouraged by her husband and her son, James K. Lay, a graduate of Adrian, Mich., Protestant Methodist church in which he contemplates ordination. He also believes himself to be a prophet directly inspired by the Creator. The woman believed she was pregnant by her Savior and that an infant Christ, Jr. was to be born to her. By the revelation made to her she was not to eat anything so as to give the obstetrical magic full swing. She accordingly abstained from food 23 days and died. Then the doctors came in and after cutting up the corpse declared it would have been impossible for the woman to have borne a child at her advanced age, but her husband and son declared that it had been there and if it had disappeared the devil in the form of a red dragon with seven heads had appeared and devoured it. Really, Jersey lightning couldn't work worse than such inspiration and we don't know but that we'd prefer the regular out and out "Janes" with all their snake hunts to such religion as that.

HERE'S a saint who has had a devil of a time through life. The Rev. George C. Pennell, on April 10, 1932, while he was a theological student in New York city, married, secretly, his cousin, Miss Mary Hannah Schroeppel, of Schroeppelville, N. Y. In the following June a child was born to them, but the divinity student's father took it away from the mother and told her it was dead. The truth was he gave it into the charge of an old Dutchman in Lorimer street, Williamsburgh, and expected it to be forgotten. Then the girl was sent home, the divinity student continued his studies, became assistant rector of Trinity, and finally fell into a fat place as rector of St. Mark's Church in Newark. He left it, though, in terror of the scandal which he was hushing up, for he had married again. He died in the far west the other day, leaving a wife and two small children, and then the scandal came out. The son by the first wife had been pursuing his father with proofs of his legitimacy and was worrying him for an acknowledgment of his rights. These were never granted him in the life of the crooked parson, but since his death the family representatives have found it to their interest to acknowledge all, give him his money share and acknowledge his birth. And thus the scandal of a quarter of a century has been quelled. When a man with such a secret (and two wives) on his soul can don the robes and stand in high places as the guide to honor and holiness, who can wonder that there is a growing contempt for the mere forms of religion?

THE deacons of the Third Baptist Church of St. Louis held a meeting at Dr. Lofton's house on the night of the 18th ult., to inquire into the details of the parson's little row on a railroad train several days before. It will be remembered by the readers of our religious department that Mr. Lofton got a good thumping for having taken liberties with a lady who sat on the seat beside him in the car. The deacons, however, ask for a suspension of public opinion until they investigate and get their buckets of clerical whitewash ready. The full story of the reverend doctor's offence as now given out, is as follows:

Dr. Lofton left St. Louis on Friday night, the 12th ult., on a trip for his health, taking an Ohio and Mississippi train. At Odin a lady entered the sleeper and took a seat back of Dr. Lofton. He soon began gazing back at the lady in a way to attract attention. Soon after he got up, walked back and took his seat next to the lady. For a moment, while the doctor and the lady talked, nothing was heard, but in a minute, the lady and bystanders state, Dr. Lofton reached his arm around her and tried to draw her to his bosom, while he whispered in her ear. The doctor is a strong, powerful man, with a long arm. The lady screamed, and succeeded in evading the ministerial grasp, and ran out of the Pullman sleeper into the Louisville car, which was the next behind. In tears and wringing her hands in a most desolate condition. She was asked what was the matter. She stated that a tall man in the next car had grossly insulted her in word and deed. The men gathered around her and assured her that they would protect her at all hazards. Just at that

moment Dr. Lofton was seen passing out of the back door of the sleeper and into the Louisville car. "Oh, there he is!" screamed the lady, in terror. "Why did you insult this lady?" asked a passenger. "What is it your business?" asked Dr. Lofton. "Look a-here," said another passenger, stepping to the front. "What in the hell are you monkeying this way for?"

"It's none of your business," answered the preacher. "What are you going to do about it?" "Just this; that the lady said you insulted her, and that you are following her up to repeat the insult." "You mind your own business, d-m you!" said Preacher Lofton, attempting to advance to where the lady was standing, crying bitterly.

"I'll make it my business," said the man, and he hauled off and hit the doctor square between the eyes.

THE influence of the POLICE GAZETTE is becoming broadly visible even in the pulpit, and modern theology is being reformed on the good square pugilistic principles advocated by us in our revival of the prize ring. This is preferable to the continuance of the old-woman policy of stabbing in the back and tea-table scandal, which has heretofore been considered *de rigueur* for parsons. But we fear our clerical friends do not read our rules close enough. This doubt is occasioned by the conduct of the Rev. Dr. Stemen, of the Free Methodist Church of Fort Wayne, Ind., who had an off-hand "scrap" on May 22 with another parson, Dr. V. Sweeringen. On Sunday, the 21st ult., Dr. Stemen preached in his church on the text "Keep Yourselves in the Love of God," and appears to have been much disconcerted by the fact that two of his enemies, Dr. Sweeringen and a Mr. W. H. Myers, occupied a front pew. When the sermon was over the congregation was astounded by seeing the parson leave the pulpit and rush at Sweeringen, crying: "I want you to stop making faces at me!" Sweeringen denied that he had been "making snoots," but the deacons had the devil's own time separating the parties and persuaded the preacher to go back into the pulpit to finish off his Sunday job by offering prayer and giving the benediction. This he did at last with an ill grace, however, and the excited crowd separated, the small boys of the gallery, especially, disgusted that the match had been a fizzle. Now if the parsons had read the POLICE GAZETTE rules with care they would have seen their way to ease over the difficulty by putting up a stake and choosing a referee. They did not follow this regular reputable course, however, so the "fancy" of the church, who were sure that the men would come together again, were utterly without "tips" as to the time and place of the prospective meeting. The next morning Dr. Sweeringen, instead of forwarding us a challenge and a money forfeit, invested in a warrant for the arrest of Dr. Stemen for "provoking an assault." This led to the meeting of the parties in the police court. The moment Dr. Stemen saw Dr. Sweeringen he planted his fist square between his eyes and laid him on his back. He came up again, not smiling, but decidedly mad, and Stemen slogged him under the left ear, raising him from his feet and wailing him all in a heap in a corner. As Sweeringen arose, Parson Stemen got in another sockdolager on his nose, which, being already swelled to the semblance of a tomato, burst and flooded his shirt front with the ruby juice. Then the "learned counsel" threw up the sponge and the court officers took charge of the victor. The faces that Stemen made Sweeringen make were worse by far than those he originally made to make Stemen mad. Talk about Free Methodists! If Stemen isn't the freest sort of Free Methodist what is he? He must study up the POLICE GAZETTE rules a little closer, though, before he engages in his next match.

MRS. F. W. KING.

An "Herodian Mystery" Who First Humbugged the Public and then Bamboozled Her Husband.

[With Portrait.]

THE "Herodian Mystery" has for some few years been an attraction at museums and entertainment halls throughout the country. In a tapestried space, upon which a light was thrown from the front, the head and bust of a beautiful female was seen resting upon a spiral legged table. The space beneath the table seemed a vacuum. The exhibitor would discourse on this wonderful mystery—how, without any body, this talented female could converse intelligently in all the known languages, how she could sing in the most enchanting manner, how she had appeared before all the crowned heads of Europe and the dead-heads of America, and pronounced her the greatest curiosity of the nineteenth century. In November last she was exhibited at Odd Fellows' Hall, Newark, and since then has made an extensive tour through the South and Southwest.

About two weeks ago the great curiosity arrived at St. Louis and put up at the Mansion House. She was accompanied by her husband, Mr. F. W. King, who was for many years connected with Robinson's, Cony's and other circus companies, and John Conkling, who was interested in the exhibition. The husband was perfectly aware that the mystery was possessed of all the corporal requisites of a full fledged woman, as numerous hotel, dressmakers' and milliners' bills that he had paid testified. Conkling is a burly Englishman, about 45 years of age, who lately arrived in this country, and claimed to be a cannon ball performer. He was taken into the enterprise on the strength of pretending to have \$1,000 which he would put in. The money, Mr. King claims, was never produced, but Conkling travelled around with the show making himself useful and sharing in the profits.

After spending a few days in St. Louis the party was making preparations for leaving for Belleville, Ill., where they were billed to appear. After packing the trunks and settling the hotel bill the husband went down town to attend to some business. Upon his return to the hotel he was surprised to find that his wife and Conkling had departed, whither no one knew. They took with them the trunks and about \$400 in money. Mr. King has since then been making a vain search for the missing parties. He says that he met the woman in California about four years ago and married her. He has since discovered that she came from Bradford, Pa., and is reported to have other husbands living.

CHARLES McCARTY, LARCENIST.

[With Portrait.]

THE police authorities of Trenton, N. J., are so anxious to capture Charles McCarty, the young man whose portrait we give in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, that they are willing to pay \$25 for him. He is accused of getting away from the smart men of the Jersey capital with a sum of money sufficient to establish a charge of larceny against him.

CUPID OFF HIS BASE.

Cases in Which the Wicked Little God Doesn't Take Good Aim With His Shaft.

JOE PAUL, a tavern keeper at Volcano, West Virginia, engaged a handsome barkeeper named Rube Marquis who in three weeks eloped with the boss's wife, she having fallen violently in love with him. The husband sold his house and stock and purchasing pistols went in such hot pursuit of the pair that the barkeeper was obliged to abandon his prize and take to the mountains alone. After starving for two weeks he ventured into town for provisions but was recognized by Paul who drove him out. The barkeeper, hotly pursued, begged at a farm house for shelter but the door was shut in his face. "Then I will take it," said Rube, and he calmly sat on a bench beside the door until the furious husband came up and placing a revolver beside his head blew his brains out.

A YOUNG fellow of Indianapolis, Henry Helgemeyer by name, aged 17, hired a rig on the 20th ult. and took Ellen Winling, aged 19, out riding. The next day the horse and wagon were found at Whiteland, thirty miles south of the city but the young couple had disappeared. The boy had left a note directing the disposition of his effects and intimating that he contemplated suicide. This, of course, made a sensation among the relatives of both the missing ones. On the 22d ult. the girl appeared at Indianapolis, having walked in from Greenwood, a distance of 10 miles. She said that she and Helgemeyer spent a day at a picnic in Greenwood and in the evening drove a few miles away and turned the horse loose. Previous to starting they had purchased ten cents' worth of laudanum and dividing it equally they swallowed their respective doses and folding their arms about each other lay down beside a fence to die. They lay there several hours in a stupor but the drug did not have the desired effect, so early on the morning of the 22d they returned to Greenwood. They were still determined to die for love and decided to try laudanum again. Helgemeyer purchased 25 cents' worth this time and walking out of town together they concealed themselves behind a large wood pile where they stood "lallygagging," exchanging vows, swapping saliva and going through such exercises peculiar to lovers. They divided the dose again and again swallowed it. They lay down as before. The girl says a pleasing stupor came over her and she fell into a sleep from which she did not awake for some time. When she did and looked at her companion she was horrified to find him dead, his eyes bulging out, his tongue protruding and his features fearfully distorted. She was afraid to tell anyone for fear she would be accused of the crime, and started out to walk home where she made the revelation. She is evidently *enrante*, although she denies it and says the boy killed himself because of trouble he had with another girl and she wanted to die with him out of sympathy. Although only 17 years old Helgemeyer has a fame for amatory escapades worthy of a full fledged Lothario.

TWO RIVAL WIDOWS.

A Wife for Twenty Years Confronted by Another Who Claims Priority.

When James Quigley was drowned last fall, in Erie, Pa., he left in that city a widow and a large family. He had lived with his wife there 20 years, and the couple were regarded as very quiet, estimable persons. The eldest child, a son, is aged 21, and the next, a daughter, is a year younger. The estate was being settled up for the benefit of Mrs. Quigley, when, on the 19th ult., a lady walked into Alderman Ferrer's office and commanded that a stop be put to the proceedings, saying she was the lawful widow of the dead man, and that the young man accompanying her was his only legitimate son. She insisted that Quigley had married her in Bath, Steuben County, N. Y., in 1849; that she had four children by him, but that he was in the habit of visiting a house of bad character in Buffalo, where he was on the police force, and became fascinated by one of the inmates. One day she says he deserted her for this woman, who was very beautiful, and she was left to struggle alone for the care and support of his children. In five years he returned, confessed his sin to the priest, and begged to be taken back by his wife. There was a reconciliation, but after a year he began again visiting the woman, Eliza Haig, with whom he had been fascinated before, and shortly after he fled with her once more. This was over 20 years ago, and she learned nothing of him until she read that he had been drowned, and that Eliza Haig, who had "worse than orphaned her children," was going to inherit his property with her children. Then the first wife got mad and went on the fight for her children's rights. The Erie Mrs. Quigley, a handsome woman of 50, alleges that the Bath Mrs. Quigley is an imposter. She acknowledges that when Quigley courted her he was a Buffalo (N. Y.) police officer and she was living in a friend's house. He said he was a single man, she believed him, they were married and lived together over twenty years, and she professed to be astounded at the claim of priority entered at this late day by the other Mrs. Quigley.

Both widows are in fighting humor, and they and their families will make a desperate battle over the dead man's name and effects. Taking in the whole situation, it may be a lucky thing for Quigley that he died before this little row came up.

"HE LOVES ME: HE LOVES ME NOT."

How Marie Played a Romantic Trick on Her Lover and Brought Him to Time.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HERE'S a young girl of romantic temperament who yet would not sit like Patience on a monument smiling until her lover made up his mind to declare his earnest intentions. Oh, no; she was one of your right sort who didn't believe in picking a rose to pieces leaf by leaf in a garden while interrogating blind luck whether he loved her or loved her not. She was a New Orleans girl and her name was Marie Ravineau. He was a house painter and a good hearted fellow, with everything admirable about him except that he would not talk right out. His name was Henry L. Jackson.

Well, on the 20th ult., Henry was sitting on a swinging scaffold made by a horizontally placed ladder hung from the roof by ropes attached to either end. He was painting the front of a four story house. Marie went up to that roof, swung herself down the rope to the ladder and with a knife began to hack at the ropes.

"Does he love me?" said she. "Oh, say you do." But Henry didn't cackle worth a cent. Then she cut a strand of the rope, saying, "He loves me," then an

other strand, "He loves me not," and thus alternating her assertions until there remained but one last strand. Then the painter eagerly protested his love and she fell in his arms. The last strand broke and the pair clutching the rods of the now vertical ladder were suspended in mid-air ten minutes before they could be released.

The painter's mind seems quite unbalanced by the shock but Marie vows they shall not commit him to the lunatic asylum until she is married. That's what she started out to do and she's going to accomplish it. That's a woman that trifles will not throw off, you bet.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

A Beautiful Country Girl's Rapid Rush Down the Road to Ruin.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the 20th ult. there was a sensational funeral at Jerry McAuley's mission, late the Cremorne Garden, which is situated as all old rounders and speering church deacons know, in West 22d street. It was the funeral of a dead prostitute, Bella Allen, who had been in life one of the most beautiful of the fallen women of the metropolis. She had been for some time an inmate of a house in 29th street, but had fallen ill of consumption and after enduring the taunts of the hag who kept the place and who objected to such an utterly useless piece of human flesh, however beautiful, being domiciled in her den, was finally fired out into the street, all sick, weak and dying as she was. She begged the pitying servant who followed her from the house to lead her to the Chelsea Methodist church in 30th street. When she arrived at the parsonage she was so exhausted that she had to be carried up the steps.

The Rev. Mr. North was aroused from his bed and helped the servant to carry her into his reception room where she was placed upon a lounge. She wanted to be prayed for and the reverend gentleman granted her wish. She then left and made her way to the mission house where she arrived at 5 o'clock in the morning. Thence she was sent to the Magdalen Asylum where she died four hours after her admission.

Bella's history is full of romance and warning. She was born in Delaware county, N. Y., and her parents were highly respectable and well-to-do.

When she was four years old her father left his early home and established himself at Greensburgh near Albany. He gave her a good education and she grew to womanhood in the most favorable influences. She was singularly beautiful and in manner was one of the most amiable of girls. Her training had been done in the Methodist church and when she was 18 years of age she was considered one of the best of Sunday school teachers.

So great a favorite was she that she was chosen from among all the teachers to sit for a photograph to be framed and hung in the lecture room. She was taken as she stood in the middle of her class, her long brown hair falling upon her shoulders.

About that period she made the acquaintance of a young man named Allen and they were married four years ago by the late Rev. Dr. Abbott, then pastor of the Chelsea Methodist church. Having settled in New York for a time she and her husband were happy and contented, but in spite of her early training Bella became a victim to the temptations of the metropolis and began to find pleasure in the society of men who were strangers to her husband. She also acquired the habit of wine-drinking and fell lower and lower until she finally left her husband's home and became one of the inmates of a gilded den of crime. On the last day of their meeting he promised to provide her with a new home if she would consent to reform and she had made up her mind to accept shortly before she became a prey to consumption.

Considering that she was such a beautiful woman and that the shame of her life and manner of her death might serve as a warning to others of her class, it was decided to have public services at the Mission Chapel before the removal of the remains for interment to Maple Grove Cemetery.

LOVE AND STOMACH PUMPS.

A Dashing Young Lover Plays the Poison Racket on His Girl and Gets a Lesson in Hydraulics.

On Friday night, May 5, there was a sociable given in Princeton, Ky., at which Mr. Lynton F. Flippo, a young attorney of that place, late of Virginia, attended in company with a young lady to whom he had been paying attentions, but with poor success it seems. On this night after leaving the party and on reaching the young lady's home, though it was quite late he insisted on going in and sitting a while in the parlor against the remonstrance of the fair one. He asked her to get him a drink of water and she left to go to her room. When she returned she found him lying on the sofa. He drank the water and then told her that he had taken six grains of morphia, that life to him was a curse without her, that he had nothing more to live for, etc. She did not believe him at first but he again lay down on the sofa and told her that he was going to die right there in her presence. She thought he was in jest till then but seeing that something was the matter in truth she told him to get up, that he was not going to die there, that he had to go home, that he could not alarm her family which was composed of only a widow and four small girls, that she would take him home to die, as he lived only a block away.

So she started with him but he was drowsy and sat down on the door step. She shook him up however and got him going again, but he lapsed over once more on reaching the gate but she, with more than ordinary nerve and presence of mind, kept shaking him up until at last she got him to his hotel. Then she woke up the proprietor and went and rung up the neighboring physician.

After seeing that the doctor had a good grip with the stomach pump she went home to pleasant dreams. The next morning the young man found himself all right except in his reflections on past events.

SIGNOR TOMMASO SALVINI.

[With Portrait.]

Since his first appearance in America this great actor's artistic successes abroad have been confirmed here. His splendid performances of "Othello," "The Gladiator" and "Macbeth" have won him thousands of applause in spite of his alien tongue and the incongruity of performances in which English and Italian were bandied from mouth to mouth. Like his great rival, Rossi, Signor Salvini is a man of varied attainments and has made a lasting mark in literature as well as the drama. Among the few really great tragedians left upon the stage he ranks with the first, an artist of splendid genius and noble power, whose interpretations of the most exacting roles are pregnant with intense vitality and fierce with virile fire.

A GREAT EVENT.

The Match Between the "Police Gazette" Unknown and a Boston Walker.

A Pedestrian Contest which will Give a Grand Spring Boom to the Sporting Season.

[With Portraits.]

One of the leading sporting events which is attracting great attention on both sides of the Atlantic is the great international fifty-mile walking match for \$2,000 and the championship of the world on June 5, between Arthur Hancock, of England, the POLICE GAZETTE's unknown, the 50-mile champion of Great Britain, and John Meagher, of Lawrence, Mass., the 50-mile champion walker of America. The latter is backed by Boston sporting men, while Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, is backing Hancock.

Both pedestrians, according to their records, are the fastest in the world and we have not the least hesitation in stating that the winner will beat the best time on record.

The following is a history of the men, whose portraits appear on another page:

John Meagher, of Lawrence, Mass., the champion 50-mile walker of America, was born in London, Eng., July 26, 1850, of Irish parents, stands 5ft. 7½ in. in height and weighs stripped and in condition between 135 and 140 lbs. He came to this country in the year 1872 and his first public appearance was made at Portland, Me., in a 50-mile race in Lancaster Hall, March 3, 1879, for prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10. The race was won by E. A. Shea in 1h. 2m., F. E. McGrath second, J. M. Driscoll third and J. Bunker fourth. Meagher quit after traveling 3m. On March 17 following he vanquished Bunker at Lewiston, Me., and on Fast Day, April 3, won a 19-mile walk at Manchester, N.H., in 1h. 35m. He next appeared in a 30-hour race-as-you-please at Smyth's hall, Manchester, May 7 and 8 same year, winning the first prize, \$65, with a score of 117m. 13 laps, Timothy Shea second, 111m. 8 laps, J. Burpee third. On June 5 he walked Hugh Keiren at the same place, a 25-mile match for \$100 a side. Meagher finished about ten feet ahead of 1½ antagonist but a row occurred and the referee being prevented from seeing the finish of the race declared it a draw and the stake money was returned. Meagher next participated in a 10-hour go-as-you-please race Jan. 12 following at Bliddeford, Me., in which he won first prize, \$90, defeating Chris. Toole and nine others by 3 miles and a half. On the 4th of July, same year, Meagher and Keiren walked again, this time for \$500 and gate money at the base ball grounds in Manchester, N. H., 25 miles. Keiren stopped after walking 13m. 7 laps, when he was four circuits in rear of Meagher, who was told to stop after doing 16 miles, 4 laps in 2h. 31 minutes. On the following day he attempted to walk six and a half miles in one hour for \$50 at the trotting track, Manchester, and he won in 56m. 4s. On Nov. 21, 1879, at Smyth's hall, Manchester, he defeated H. C. Clark in a 25-mile walk for \$100 a side, Clark quitting at ten miles and Meagher being required to go but a little over 1m. On Jan. 17, 1880, Meagher engaged in a 25-mile walk with John Oddy for a \$50 purse, at Essex Hall, Lawrence, Mass., Oddy being more than a mile ahead when Meagher had covered ten miles and the latter then stopping while Oddy stopped after walking 13 miles. Among other contests in which Meagher has taken part are the following: Finished second to H. Keiren in a 25-mile walk at Park Garden, Boston; finished fourth to Hanson in a 75-hour go-as-you-please, doing 250m.; defeated McGaffee of Lynn in a 5-mile match in 40m. 40s.; defeated R. E. Pollock of Salem in a 50-mile walk for \$600, 27 lap track, Pollock being over a mile behind at the finish. Early in January of this year he invited all walkers to meet him in a 100 mile contest, each man to put up \$250 and the winner to take the sweepstakes and gate money. He posted a forfeit with the challenge but no one could summon up courage enough to accept the challenge. At Lynn, Mass., April 6, Meagher walked second to Driscoll in a 25-mile open race. Driscoll won in 3h. 37m. 7s. Meagher's time was 3h. 38m. 56s. Meagher and Driscoll beat all previous records for 23, 24 and 25 miles. On April 24 Meagher and Driscoll walked 100 miles for the championship and \$1,000. The race was walked on a 13 lap track. Driscoll left the track on the third lap of the 50th mile. Meagher walked 51m. and 2 laps in 8h. 21m. 25s.

Owing to the importance of the coming race we publish the full score of the race for reference.

The times of the leader at the end of each mile were as follows: Driscoll—1 mile, 9m. 10s.; 2 miles, 18m. 10s.; 3 miles, 27m. 40s.; 4 miles, 37m. 0s.; 5 miles, 46m. 38s.; 6 miles, 56m. 6s.; 7 miles, 1h. 5m. 21s.; 8 miles, 1h. 14m. 48s.; 9 miles, 1h. 24m. 10s.; 10 miles, 1h. 33m. 31s.; 11 miles, 1h. 42m. 58s.; 12 miles, 1h. 52m. 39s.; 13 miles, 2h. 2m. 18s.; 14 miles, 2h. 12m. 38s.; 15 miles, 2h. 21m. 53s.; 16 miles, 2h. 31m. 51s.; 17 miles, 2h. 41m. 54s.; 18 miles, 2h. 52m.; 19 miles, 3h. 2m. 14s.; 20 miles, 3h. 12m. 32s.; 21 miles, 3h. 22m. 38s.; 22 miles, 3h. 32m. 38s.; 23 miles, 3h. 42m. 48s.; 24 miles, 3h. 51m. 1s.; 25 miles, 3h. 59m. 41s.; 26 miles, 4h. 9m. 17s.; 27 miles, 4h. 19m. 28s.; 28 miles, 4h. 29m. 22s.; Meagher—29 miles, 4h. 30m. 19s.; 30 miles, 4h. 47m. 12s.; 31 miles, 4h. 55m. 56s.; 32 miles, 5h. 5m. 28s.; 33 miles, 5h. 15m. 52s.; 34 miles, 5h. 26m. 3s.; 35 miles, 5h. 36m. 28s.; 36 miles, 5h. 45m. 51s.; 37 miles, 5h. 57m. 29s.; 38 miles, 6h. 7m. 58s.; 39 miles, 6h. 17m. 41s.; 40 miles, 6h. 26m. 8s.; 41 miles, 6h. 34m. 58s.; 42 miles, 6h. 43m. 28s.; 43 miles, 6h. 56m. 49s.; 44 miles, 7h. 8m. 13s.; 45 miles, 7h. 20m. 4s.; 46 miles, 7h. 31m. 5s.; 47 miles, 7h. 42m. 28s.; 48 miles, 7h. 53m. 29s.; 49 miles, 8h. 2m. 35s.; 50 miles, 8h. 10m. 54s.; 51 miles, 8h. 19m. 45s.; and stopped on second lap of 52d mile at 8h. 21m. 25s.

Meagher's time from 20 miles to 51 miles, inclusive, are now the fastest American records and for 51 miles is now the best in the world.

On May 13 Meagher again defeated Driscoll in a 25-mile race at Lynn, Mass., but neither finished the distance.

Meagher was trained by J. Lathrop at Mystic Park, Boston, and during the training he walked some wonderful trials and it was hinted that he had covered 50 miles in 7h. and 37m.

Arthur Hancock, champion 50 mile walker of the world, who, on May 8, 1882, was matched by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to walk John Meagher, of Lawrence, Mass., 50 miles for \$2,000 and the championship of the world, was born at Jersey, England, Aug. 14, 1853. He stands 5 feet 7 inches in height and weighs 128 pounds trained. His first pedestrian contest of any note in which he was engaged was in a fifty mile walking competition at Little Bridge

Grounds, London, on Oct. 16, 1876, when, although he did not succeed in gaining a prize, he was awarded £2 for walking the distance under ten hours, and on that occasion gave such promise of future excellence that he soon found backers by whom he was matched to walk A. Courtenay, of Barnet, 25 miles for £15 a side, at the Star Grounds, Fulham, on Jan. 13, 1877, but not being thoroughly trained, came off second best; with 5 min start, won £5 in a 7 mile handicap (time 57 m. 23½ s.) at the Prince of Wales' Grounds, Bow, March 19, 1877; with 1m. start, won £5 in a 7 mile handicap, at the Agricultural Hall, London, March 31, 1877; walked 50 miles in 8h. 34m., on turf, at the Guilford Cricket Ground, April 2, 1877; was next defeated by Walter Lewis, of Islington, in a 50 mile walking match for £25 a side at the Prince of Wales' Grounds, Bow, on April 30, 1877; with 5 laps start (9 to the mile); gained second prize, £10, in a 50 mile walking handicap at the Pomona Gardens, Manchester, May 22, 1877; won the first prize, £15, in a 50 mile walking competition (time 8h. 50m. 15s.) at the Little Bridge Grounds, London, July 9, 1877; he was next matched to walk 21 miles in three hours for a bet of £10 to £5, at the Clay Hall Grounds, Old Ford, but when time was called it was found that 948 yards 1 foot was required to complete the distance, Aug. 6, 1877; with 4m. start he won first prize, £7 10s., in a 7 mile walking handicap at the Prince of Wales' Grounds, Bow, Sept. 7, 1877; beat A. Courtenay in a 4 mile walking match (conceding 35s. start) for £10 (time 33m. 2s.), Clay Hall, Oct. 15, 1877; beat W. Lewis in a 50 mile walking match for £100 (the time from the 26th to the 30th mile then being the fastest on record), at the Little Bridge Grounds, London, Nov. 12, 1877; with 5s. start, won the first prize, £5, in a mile walking handicap at the Clay Hall Grounds, Old Ford, Feb. 9, 1878; failed to get a place in the original competition for the 26 hours' champion belt, at the Agricultural Hall, London, Feb. 23, 1878; gained second prize, £15, in a 50 mile walking competition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, March 30, 1878; won the 50 mile walking competition for the champion challenge cup (valued at £70) and £50 in specie at the Agricultural Hall, London, April 13, 1878 (time 8h. 17m. 20s.); failed, owing to a swollen ankle, to get a place in the six-days' walking competition, at the Pomona Gardens, Manchester, July 27, 1878; won the 50 mile walking champion cup and £20 (time 8h. 28m. 20s.) at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, Nov. 14, 1878; beaten by W. Howes in a 50 mile walk for the champion cup and £100 (time of winner 8h. 35m. 37½ s.) at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, May 17, 1879; with 3 laps start got fourth prize (£1) in a 'three hours' walking handicap, won by H. Thatcher, 2 laps start, at the Prince of Wales' Grounds, Bow, June 2, 1879; from scratch won the first prize (£30) in a 50 mile walking handicap (time of first beat 8h. 25m. 33s.) at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, June 23, 1879; beat George Parry, who had 7m. start, in a 3 hours' walk, for £25 a side, at the Leicester Cricket Ground, Feb. 7, 1880; beaten by W. Chillum in a 3 hours' walking sweepstakes, for £100, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, Feb. 23, 1880; beat H. Thatcher walking 50 miles for the champion cup and £50, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, March 13, 1880; failed to walk 15 miles in 2 hours for a bet of £30 to £20, at the Leicester Cricket Ground, March 30, 1880; beaten by W. Howes, walking 26 hours, for the champion belt and £100, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington (all the miles from the 65th to the hundredth being by the winner the fastest on record), May 15, 1880; beaten by H. Thatcher in a 3 hours' walk for Sir J. D. Astley's champion belt, £15 and one-third of the gate, at Little Bridge Grounds, Oct. 11, 1880; beaten by W. Howes, in a 26 hours' walk for the champion belt and £50 a side, Bingley Hall, Birmingham, Oct. 16, 1880; won the first prize, £40, in a 50 mile walking competition at the Lambeth Baths, Nov. 20, 1880; in conjunction with W. Perkins won £15 by walking 15 miles in 1 hour between them at the Trent Bridge Grounds, Nottingham, Dec. 16, 1880; beat W. Howes 50 miles, for £50 and the challenge cup, value £70 (presented by Mr. T. Alden), which then became Hancock's absolute property, at the Marble Rink, Clapham Road, Jan. 10, 1881; met H. Thatcher to walk 1 hour for £20, but both were disqualified, Little Bridge Grounds, March 7, 1881; beat H. Thatcher running ten miles for £25 a side (time 58m. 55 1½ s.), at Little Bridge Grounds, April 25, 1881; won the first prize (£35) in an 8 miles sweepstakes, beating J. W. Raby, of Eiland, Yorkshire, and W. Perkins, of London (time 1h. 3m. 17 2½ s.), at the Prince of Wales' Grounds, Bow, Sept. 5, 1881; beaten by J. W. Raby, 8 miles, for £25 a side (time of winner 1h. 1m. 40 2½ s.), at Little Bridge Grounds, Oct. 24, 1881; beat J. W. Raby, walking three hours, for £50 a side, at the Queen's Grounds, Sheffield, Dec. 23, 1881.

On March 22, 1882, he walked J. Cash of London, England, 4 miles for \$500. Cash was the favorite at 6 to 4. Hancock won easily, covering the first mile in 6m. 54s., second in 14m. 17s., third in 21m. 7s. Cash gave up after walking one mile and three quarters and Hancock only walked 3m. and one lap. He came to this country on March 23, eager to walk any man in America. He called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and Richard K. Fox agreed to match him against any walker. Mr. Fox at once forwarded a certified check for \$500 to James Keenan, of Boston, Mass., issued a challenge in the Boston papers, wherein he agreed to match the POLICE GAZETTE's unknown to walk John Meagher 50 miles for \$1,000 a side and the championship of the world.

The challenge was accepted and Richard K. Fox notified Meagher's backers that Wm. E. Harding, his representative, would arrive at Boston on May 8 to arrange a match.

On the date named the POLICE GAZETTE representative, James Keenan, John Meagher and James Lathrop met at Edwin Morse's sporting rooms, No. 3 Tremont street, when the match was settled and the following articles of agreement signed:

The following are the articles of agreement that are to govern the race:

BOSTON, May 8, 1882.

Articles of agreement between John Meagher and the POLICE GAZETTE Unknown, whereby they agree to walk a fifty (50) mile race for \$1,000 a side and the championship of the world, Monday, June 5, 1882, in Boston, to start at 6 p. m., \$500 a side being now put up with Edwin Morse, who shall be final stakeholder. The balance of \$500 a side shall be posted with said stakeholder on May 18 before 9 p. m., on or before which date the unknown shall be named. The referee shall be named at the posting of the final deposit. Net gate to be divided two-thirds to the winner and one-third to the loser. Referee's decision shall be final. Either party failing to comply with above articles shall forfeit all claim to money up.

Witness for JOHN MEAGHER, JAMES MCKENNA. Witness for "POLICE GAZETTE," EDWIN MORSE.

In the meantime everybody was anxious to know

who was the POLICE GAZETTE's unknown. On May 18 the final deposit was posted and Wm. B. Curtis, of the *Spirit of the Times*, was chosen referee. The men have both been hard at work training ever since. Meagher's friends are confident he will win and offer to bet any amount from \$2,000 to \$5,000.

The race is the most important one ever arranged at the distance in this country and hundreds of dollars will be wagered on the result at Boston and New York.

On May 21 in the suburbs of Philadelphia, there was a desperate prize fight according to the rules of the London prize ring for a purse of \$300. The principals were Denny Murphy and Louis Rhead. The latter is 28 years old and weighs 128 lbs. trained, while Murphy is 30 years old and weighed 150 lbs. Rhead is a well-scientific boxer while Murphy is an amateur at prize fighting. The battle was witnessed by a large crowd.

In the first round Rhead knocked Murphy down with a blow in the throat.

Murphy drew first blood in the 2d round and threw Rhead and fell on him. Murphy grew weaker while Rhead became more confident with every round.

In the 11th round he broke Murphy's nose with a blow that felled him. In the 13th round Murphy claimed a foul, declaring that Rhead had kicked him. The referee decided against him.

"Well, I'm licked," he said and would fight no more. His face was like a piece of raw meat. The victor was not seriously hurt. Time of actual fighting 28 minutes.

On board of the "Arizona," May 27, Harry Evans, better known in prize ring circles as Thumby, and David Cook, better known as Funny Cook, two well known light-weight pugilists, sailed for New York. On their arrival they will box nightly in full ring costume at O'wney Geoghegan's old House at Home, 105 Bowery. It was O'wney Geoghegan that sent for them to England. Regarding the visitors the *Sporting Life*, London, says:

"Both men are well known in the Birmingham district as well tried boxers, especially Funny, who has contended with some of the best light-weights in Birmingham. His first battle was with Alf. Foster, alias Chang, of Birmingham, for £5 a side and after a hard tussle Cook won it in 55m. Funny's next engagement was with Pat Perry of Birmingham for £20. The fight took place at Cudworth, lasted 1h. 5m. and ended in a draw. Jenks of Birmingham was Cook's next opponent, the stakes being £10. The fight took place at West Bromwich and this Cook secured in 2m.

Pippin of Birmingham then challenged Funny for £15 a side under the Marquis of Queensbury rules and the contest took place at the St. Helens Gardens, Birmingham, and this also fell to Cook at the end of 35m. Cook's friends then matched him against Thumby Evans and the battle came off at Lichfield, the stakes being £10. The fight was disputed in a most stubborn style for 3h. and 21m. and the referee declared it a drawn battle. Tom Smith of Manchester then had a go at Cook under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, for £30. The contest lasted 2h. 15m., the verdict being in favor of Funny.

A match was then made between Cook and Billy McCloud of Manchester for £50 but McCloud was arrested on the day of the fight and both men were bound over to keep the peace for twelve months. Cook is 30 years of age.

Thumby Evans, whose age is 25, has taken part in the following contests: Fought Ben Hodgson for a purse at Wilton near Birmingham, which he landed in 12m. Thumby and Funny were then matched and the fight took place at Lichfield and after contesting for 3h. 21m. the battle ended in a draw. His next engagement was with Bill Davis of Birmingham for £10 a side, under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, the event taking place at the Theatre of Varieties, Bridge street, West Birmingham, Thumby scoring a victory in 32m.

After John L. Sullivan defeated Paddy Ryan and won the championship of the world and \$5,000, Tom Kelly of St. Louis, who seconded Ryan, said to the POLICE GAZETTE representative at the close of the fight that there was not a pugilist in America fit to face the Boston boy but that perhaps the old country could produce a man. At this time Mr. Kelly had Alf. Greenfield, champion of England, in his mind's eye. Greenfield until a few years ago was looked upon as the best two handed fighter in the British Isle, a man of great staying powers and game as a cock. He had beaten Jim Highland, Pat Perry and others and fought a draw with Tug Wilson.

After the battle between Sullivan and Ryan word was sent Greenfield that there was work for him to do on this side. The New Yorkers, anxious to get even for Ryan's defeat, offered to back the Britisher for any sum in a bout with the lad from Boston. Greenfield in reply said that his hands had given out, that he had settled down for life and had retired from the fighting field for good and forever.

Kelly recently said that Tug Wilson was a game man and one likely to lower Sullivan's colors and this tip was taken up by the fancy.

Tom Kelly claims to know Wilson as well as any man in America. He says he is a glutton to receive punishment, that he is a good straight hitter, a capital counterer and very clever and fights as well with his left as with his right. Kelly said Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, had good judgment in importing him, for he was the best man in England. He said Wilson hails from Leicester and when a boy travelled with a boxing show under the name of Young Collins. At this time Tim Collins was the champion light-weight of England and many supposed that Wilson, as Young Collins, was no other than Tim.

"At this time," says Mr. Kelly, "Wilson was a mere boy. He was a fine boxer even then and would take any amount of medicine. I should judge him now to be about 36 years of age and able to put up a good fight. The only thing I am afraid of is that he is too light a man for Sullivan. He stands about 5ft. 9in., weighs 165 pounds. He is a man of swarthy complexion, stocky build and all bone and muscle. In every fight that he has taken a hand he has proved himself a regular glutton and for this reason if he meets Sullivan I'll bet the latter does not drive him out of the ring in 45 minutes. One of his last fights in England was with the 'Prussian,' and he won this easily."

Dick Egan, the Troy "Terror," still suffers the trials of the ambitious. The other day he called upon Supt. Eaton, at Albany, and desired to ascertain when he (Egan) could go to work. Mr. Eaton thought for a moment, and then replied: "Oh, yes; you can go to work—when you whip John L. Sullivan. You have taken that contract on your hands, haven't you?" This reply completely dazed Egan, and the ex-pugilist was left completely in the dark as to the exact date when he is to resume labor.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MURDERED BY LUST;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF SAVIN ROCK.

The complete history of the Romantic Tragedy by which Jennie Cramer lost her life. With exhaustive secret details of the conspiracy by which she was lured to ruin. Fully illustrated. By mail, 30c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William street, N. Y.

W. S., Frankford, Pa.—No.

F. W. P., Lucan, Ontario.—140 feet.

We have a letter for Wallace Ross.

G. F., Grampton Hills, Pa.—On Nov. 13, 1829.

G. S., Olean, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. At Chicago in 1867.

M. N. G.—A is entitled to the game, having run pool.

P. H., San Francisco, Cal.—Your letter received O. K.

CONSTANT READER, Scofield, Col.—He weighed 183 pounds.

T. J. S., Strawberry Point House, Iowa.—From toe to heel is correct.

L. E., Waupun, Wis.—The Malley Boys are not brothers but cousins.

C. H. K., Newport, R. I.—We never heard of him visiting the Sandwich Islands.

F. W. P., Lucan, Ont.—1. Yes. 2. Duncan C. Ross. 3. Fred Rodgers in our opinion.

S. G., Macon, Ga.—Tom Heathwood, the noted game fowl fancier, resides at St. Louis, Mo.

T. S., Syracuse, N. Y.—1. We have not E. M. Grandin's address. 2. He does not advertise.

M. G. A., Willettsville, Cal.—A letter addressed to Wallace Ross at Portland, Me., will reach him.

P. H., San Francisco, Cal.—Your advertisement has been attended to. Send on Lane's photograph.

J. H., New York.—1. Dick Hollywood trained Donahue and George Holden trained Sweeney. 2. No.

P. Gibson, Fall River, Mass.—Write to Wm. B. Curtis, at the *Spirit of the Times* office and he will supply you.

H. M., Pueblo, Col.—We shall hold the Walling and Campbell prize fight stakes until they agree upon a place of fighting.

E. S. H., Oswego Falls, N. Y.—If you can succeed in your undertaking and bring it to New York you can make money.

S. E. C., Philadelphia.—Send on a forfeit accompanied by a challenge and you may succeed in bringing about a match.

G. W. THOMPSON, Hugo, Col.—1. We do not know his backers or his time. 2. We do not answer any correspondents by mail.

L. S., Brooklyn, E. D.—1. It is claimed that he rowed a mile in 5:45 in his race with Boyd. 2. There is no official record for that distance.

O. N. L., Brockwayville, Pa.—1. They use short arms of all descriptions; the bull-dogs are the most used. 2. Apply to the Chief of Police of your city.

S. C. C., Philadelphia.—1. Hogan, the New Haven pugilist, and Sullivan did set-to with soft gloves at Providence, R. I. 2. Hogan is dead. 3. No.

W. D. PORTER, Harrisburg, Ill.—1. It would be impossible to decide which is the fastest. 2. If they were to run we would place our money on Foxhall.

H. M., Baltimore, Md.—There is no place for a six-day race in San Francisco except the new pavilion and it will not be rented to outside parties. 2. No.

D. W., Hontzdale, Pa.—1. The height of the railroad bridge at Niagara Falls is 175 feet. 2. Sam Patch was intoxicated when he jumped from the Genesee Falls, in 1829.

J. W. PARROTT, Fort Lewis, Col.—If you have a champion that is eager to meet John L. Sullivan, forward a forfeit and challenge him; that is the only way to do business.

J. M., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Joe Coburn fought Harry Gribben, Ned Price, Mike McCoolle and Jim Mace. 2. He defeated Gribben and McCoolle, and fought draws with Price and Mace. 3. No.

GEORGE W. PETTITE, Little Genesee, N. Y.—We guess there is no truth in the report that John L. Sullivan was badly whipped in a bar-room in Boston, although the papers did publish the reports.

BUCK & BILL, Baltimore, Md.—Our artist is not posted on dramatic history and being a Baltimorean naturally supposed there was only one opera house in the world and that in Baltimore. The locality was Philadelphia, and the theatre the Chestnut street.

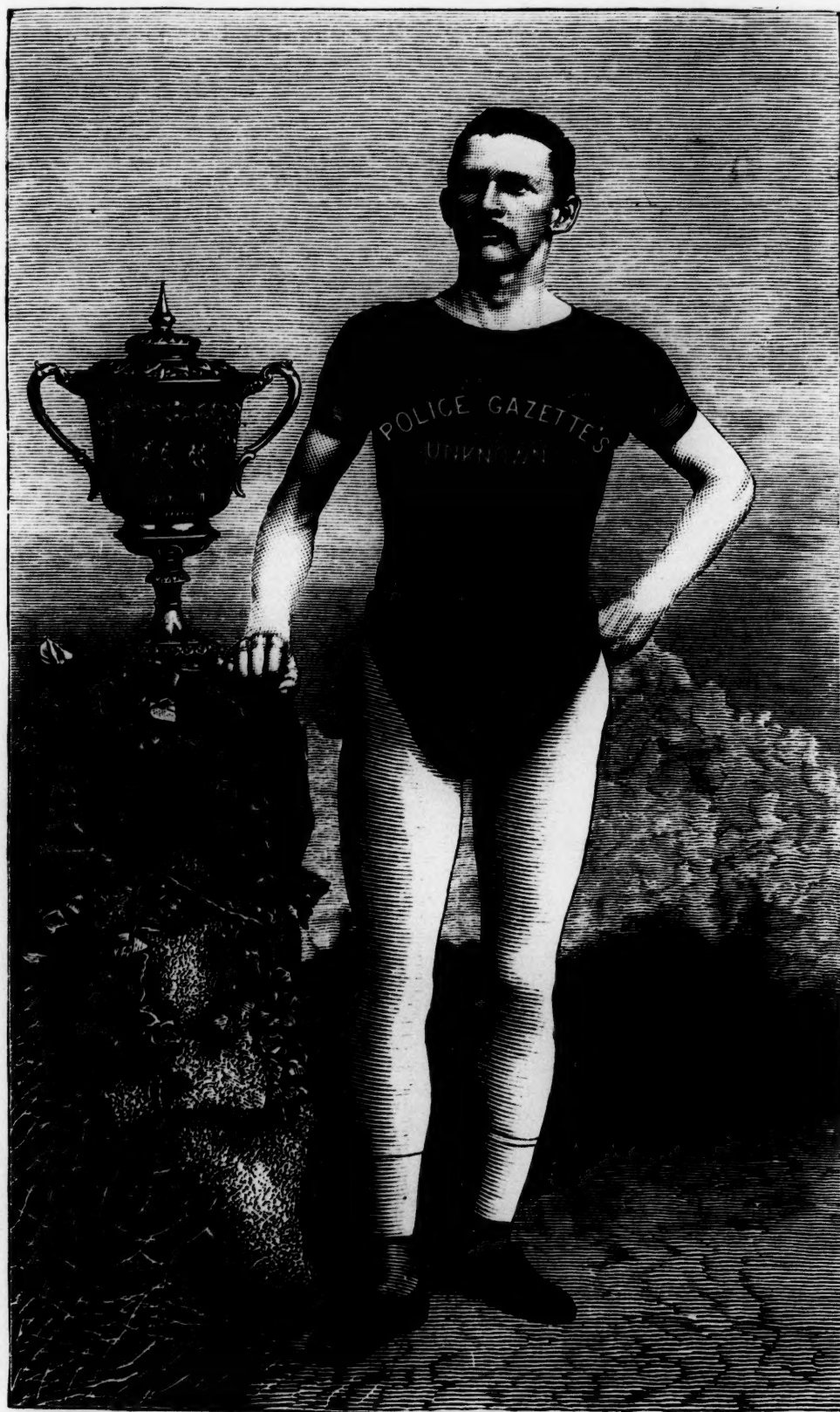
W. M., Detroit, Mich.—According to M. M. Behm & Wagner's "Beyölkerung der Erde," Europe has now a population of 315,929,000 inhabitants. 2. The Polar regions extend round the Arctic circle, with an area of 3,850,000 square kilometres, and the Antarctic regions about 600,000.

S. T., Johnston, N. Y.—We do not understand the terms of your wager. If A bets B that he cannot walk round the fair grounds without stopping and B stops, then A wins, or if A bets that B cannot walk and he runs, B loses. Explain what you mean if you desire us to decide your wager.

W. S., Philadelphia.—1. In club swinging proper there are eight motions or movements, viz: Inner front circle, outer front circle, inner back circle, outer back circle, outer side circle, inner side circle, inner moulinet, outer moulinet. 2. The regular Indian club is 2 feet 6 inches in length. 3. No.

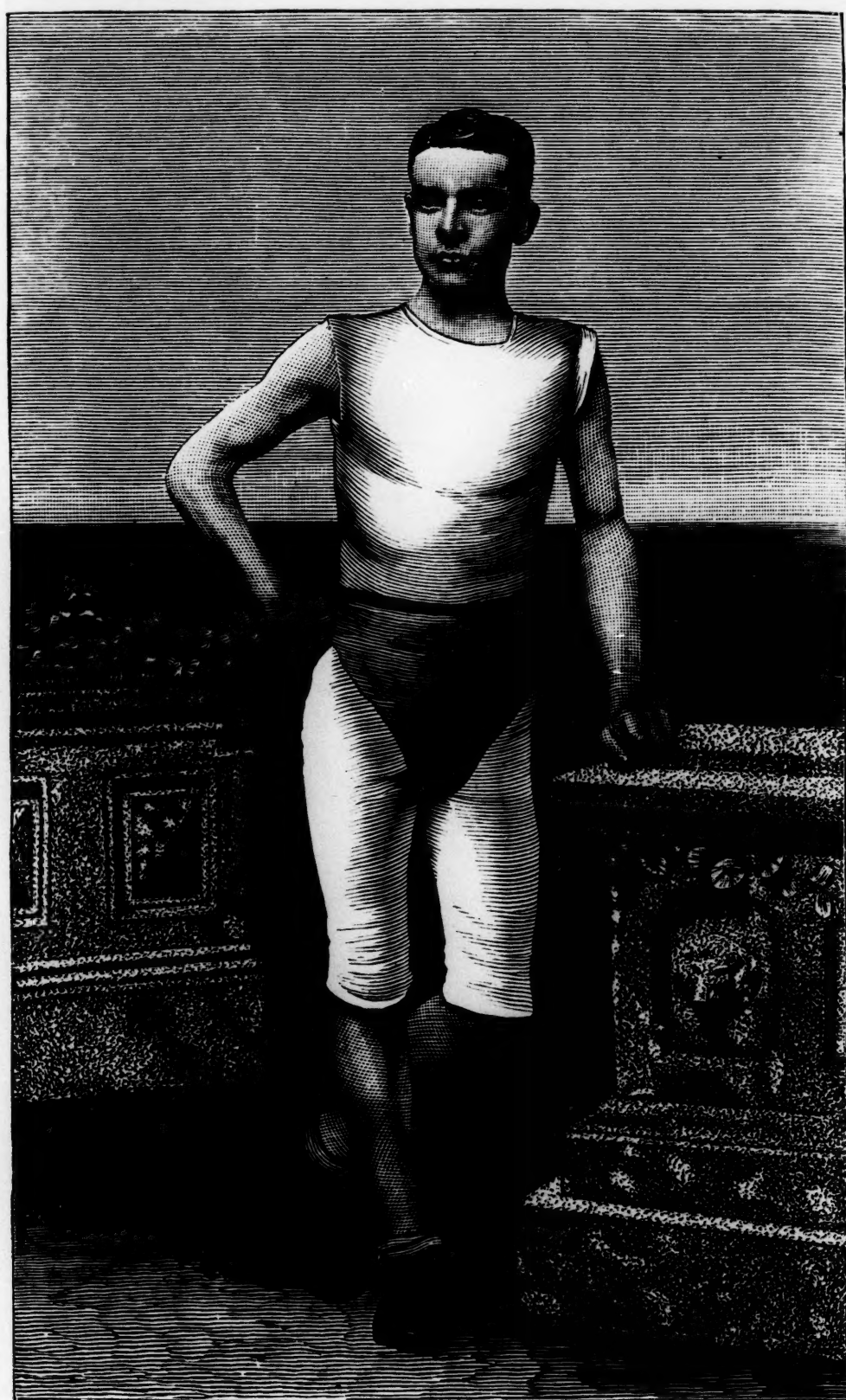
S. P., Portsmouth, N. H.—1. John Woods and George King fought Dec. 5, 1859, near Weehawken, N. J. 2. Woods was seconded by Louis Belral and Johnny Mackay, Australian Kelly and Johnny Massey seconded King. Fifty-six rounds were fought, when King went down purposely without a blow, and Tom Welsh, of New York, the referee, declared Woods the winner.

P. W., Elkhart, Ill.—1. John E. Graham and Frank E. Butler are the champion all round shots. 2. They use pistol, rifle and shot gun and perform such feats as hitting marbles and coin while thrown in the air, with a single bullet shooting ashes off a cigarette while held in the mouth; splitting bullets on a knife blade; double looking-glass and double reaction shots, and many other shots which are new and original.



ARTHUR HANCOCK,

ENTERED AS THE "POLICE GAZETTE'S" UNKNOWN IN THE GREAT BOSTON WALKING MATCH.



JOHN MEAGHER,

THE CHAMPION FIFTY-MILE WALKER OF BOSTON, MATCHED AGAINST THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION.

[Photo by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]

Thomas J. Convey Runner.

This pedestrian was born on Staten Island, Nov. 27, 1860, stands 5 feet 5 inches and weighs 110 pounds. During the year 1879 he won nearly all the events given by the Pastime Athletic Club. Decoration day, 1880, won the McCoy cup given for the one mile, a handsome trophy which we show in our picture. Got a prize at the games of the Harlem A. C., July 3, and the Manhattan A. C., July 5 and Nov. 27. He opened the year 1881 by winning the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile run given by the Irish American A. C., likewise the $\frac{1}{2}$ given by the Olympic A. C.

His last race was at the N. Y. Caledonian games, when he was beaten a foot by Mike Dunn, of his own club, after a grand race. His business will prevent him from running this year. He is at present secretary of the P. A. C.

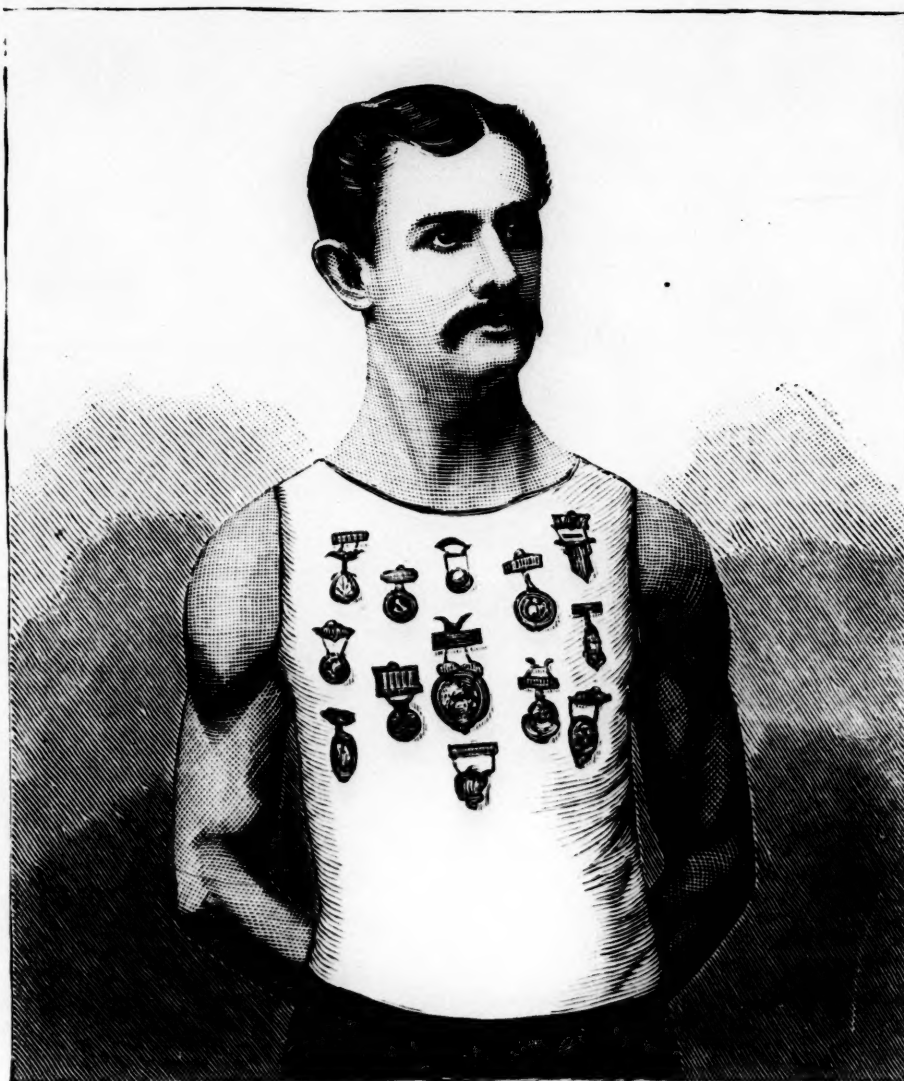
A Young Heir to Millions.

A seven year old boy has turned up in Cleveland, O., as the claimant of a share in an estate worth two millions of dollars. The name of this young heir is Julius Kinsley Cobb and his guardian, Mrs. Dr. Myra K. Merrick, claims that he is the fruit of the marriage of Edward Cobb and Nellie Goodman which occurred some nine years since.

The union, which was in defiance of the wishes of the parents of both, proved to be unhappy and after two years of marital infelicity a separation was effected by mutual consent, followed later by a divorce. Shortly after the disunion of the mismatched pair but before the decree of divorce Mrs. Cobb, nee Goodman, was confined and gave birth to the child above mentioned. Mrs. Merrick was present at the accouchment and for reasons which seemed to her sufficient took the child from its mother and caused its existence to be concealed from the relatives of both father and mother.

The atom of humanity was placed under the care of a nurse in the country, and unconscious and careless of its parentage developed into a bright, healthy boy. From the moment of his birth Mrs. Merrick has watched over him with a mother's care and was his guardian de facto until recently when she was legally constituted as such.

Some time after being divorced Miss Nellie



THOMAS J. CONVEY,

NOTED RUNNER, OF THE PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB.

Cobb was again married. The remembrance of the end of Edward Cobb, who died by his own hand a year since, still causes a shudder of horror.

Before this unfortunate occurrence it is understood that the father of the young man had made a will in which he left to Edward a certain sum of money and directed that the remainder of the property be equally divided among the other children. After his son's death Mr. Cobb, being unaware of the existence of a representative of his dead child, wrote a revocation of his will across the back of the same, nullifying it, and, so far as is known, died intestate.

With a view to establishing her ward's identity whenever the proper time might come Mrs. Merrick carefully preserved every scrap of evidence tending to that end and the chain of proof from the moment of the boy's birth to the present time is said to be without flaw.

Legal proceedings will be commenced shortly and the entire details of the interesting affair made public.

Shot on Her Mother's Grave.

Eli Foye, of Strafford, N. H., and wife have been separated for some time. On May 22 he called at the residence of her father where she was stopping and had an interview with her. He implored her to return and live with him; to let bygones be bygones. She sternly refused, saying that she loved him no longer, that his past conduct and treatment had steeled her against him. He left the house in a rage.

Soon after she went to decorate her mother's grave in the cemetery not far off and while engaged in this manner her enraged husband, who had been watching, came up while she was kneeling over the grave. He was armed with a gun, which he fired. The charge of shot entered her arm and breast. He then walked off. She managed to crawl back to the house when a physician was summoned who pronounced the wounds probably fatal. Foye has not yet been arrested and officers are in pursuit.

A NEGRO woman in Millville, Va., on the 20th ult. punished her 9 year old son by piling wood on top of him and setting it on fire, burning him to death. She made her escape.

Love Laughs at Man-Traps.

Old Peter Arcotonyl, who lives near Worcester, Mass., has a beautiful daughter, whose waywardness and predilection for the boys have made his life wretched since she reached her fourteenth year; she is now nineteen. In spite of all he could do, the girl would attract lovers around the house, and when he drove them out, would manage to have meetings with them on the sly. At last he found it necessary to give



CHARLES MCCARTY,

WANTED BY THE POLICE OF TRENTON, N. J.,
ON A CHARGE OF LARCENY.

them all the grand bounce, and to keep her under lock and key. For all these precautions, when there was a new drummer came into the neighborhood, a dandy, natty, oily-tongued little chap from Boston, she was the first girl to make his acquaintance. They used to have regular Romeo and Juliet meetings every night, he scaling the picket fence and cooling under his charmer's attic window in lieu of a balcony. The old man dropped to this and bought a bull-dog. The Boston man hired a dog-fancier from the Hub to lasso it and take it to the city for sale. And still the course of true love ran smoothly on. Then the old chap bought another dog and kept it in the house so it could not be stolen, and planted the front garden full of man-traps with the strongest kind of springs and the sharpest kind of teeth. That very night those traps were dug up and rearranged in new and unexpected places about the house. At midnight the cruel parent heard some unusual sounds outside. He let loose the dog, and they both rushed out. At the first leap of the dog, at the first step of the man, each was caught in a trap. The dog was nearly cut in two, the man almost suffered the amputation of his foot. They howled a dismal duet. And there, right before



COOK CRITTENDEN,

ACCUSED OF CRUELLY MURDERING ONE OF HIS
FARM HANDS AT CLARKSVILLE, TEX.



CHARLES BELFORT,

VIOLIN VIRTUOSO, ACCUSED OF MAKING A "RUN"
WITH A VALUABLE INSTRUMENT.

their eyes, was that awful Boston chap helping the old fellow's daughter out of the window, and the pair skipped blithely off and eloped without a word of sympathy or the least effort to release the human and the canine unfortunates from their predicament. An advertisement to "Annie" in a Boston paper says: "Come back both of you. All will be forgiven.—PAPA."

This is the cruel parent's stratagem to get the pair in his clutches. He thinks that if he could only tackle that Boston dandy for just three rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules, he would be able to make things appear a little more "square" than he seems to regard them now. But that drummer is too "fly," and the old man advertised in vain.

A Texan Scrimmage.

On May 2, Cook Crittenden, a young man of good family, in Clarksville, Texas, and possessed



THE MODESTY OF GENIUS.

HOW AN EMINENT BARN-STORMER FROM THE WILDS OF THE GREAT WEST NOTIFIES HIS FELLOW BOARDERS OF THE HONOR
IN STORE FOR THEM AND ADDS TO THE ZEST OF A BOARDING-HOUSE MEAL; PORTLAND, OR.

of the typical spirit of chivalry peculiar to the south, galloped his horse across a ploughed field and drew up before a little squad of farm hands who were at work. He had a shot gun in his hands and there was "blood in his eye." "Stand your ground, boys," said he. There had been some previous difficulty of a trifling na-



MRS. F. W. KING,

OF ST. LOUIS, MO., THE "HERODIAN MYSTERY,"
WHO MYSTIFIED HER SHOWMAN-HUSBAND.

ture between the parties. Hugh Brown, one of the men told him to put down his gun as none of them were armed, and besides the trouble had been settled satisfactorily. He replied: "By God it is not settled for me." He remarked that the crop was weedy and that the boys would not be allowed to work it any more.

Hugh Brown told him to go back to his house and mind his own business. Then he suggested that they should all say their prayers, but they up and said that they were not of the praying kind and resented religious conversion on this Texas plan. Then young Crittenden cut loose. He shot down Charley Brown first, then turned and put a bullet through Hugh Brown's leg. Charley Brown fell dead in his tracks. Crittenden drew his two revolvers and fired nine times inflicting other wounds on the flee-



JOHN R. ANDERSON,

MURDERER; ESCAPED FROM THE CONNECTICUT
INSANE ASYLUM AND REWARD OFFERED.

ing survivor of the row. It is alleged that the Browns, who are from Kansas, had some time back worked for Crittenden, but had quarreled with him and had taken employment on the farm of a Mr. Rainey, which adjoins Crittenden's land. On the morning of May 2, Hugh Brown had called at Crittenden's house during his absence, and had told his wife that he must leave the country within twenty-four hours or things would be made too hot for him. This led to the Texan festivities in the cornfield which have been detailed above. Crittenden is under arrest, awaiting trial.

John Anderson, Murderer.

They were fools enough some months ago in Middletown, Conn., to consign John Anderson, who was found guilty of a cruel murder, to the insane asylum in Middletown. He escaped after a brief incarceration, and now the authorities are frantically seeking him on all sides, for he has avowed the intention of summarily murdering the witnesses who testified against him on the trial. We give his portrait in order that our readers in all parts of the country may recognize this dangerous person and ease the minds of the careless Connecticut folks by delivering him up to justice.



LOVE LAUGHS AT MAN-TRAPS.

A CUNNING FATHER OUTWITTED BY A PAIR OF LOVERS WHO CAN GIVE
HIM POINTS AND BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN GAME; WORCESTER, MASS.



A FIENDISH SCHOOLMARM.

A SAVAGE TEACHER, IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL IN MICHIGAN, SNIPS
THEIR EARS WITH A SCISSORS TO ENFORCE DISCIPLINE.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO THE TRADE.

MURDERED BY LUST;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF SAVIN ROCK;

Is a complete history of the romantic tragedy by which Jennie Cramer lost her life, with exhaustive secret details of the conspiracy by which she was lured to her ruin, and forms No. 7 of the POLICE GAZETTE Series of Famous Criminals. It is a work of great interest and power, and is splendidly illustrated with portraits and sketches by special artists, of the mysterious tragedy and the actors in it. It is destined to be one of the best selling books of the year.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

All orders for the "Mystery of Savin Rock" will be filled direct by the publisher.

RICHARD K. FOX,

183 William street, N. Y.

M. F. DAVIS, the Portland sculler, has given up rowing and gone West.

TRICKETT has sailed for his home in the Antipodes. He left London on the 4th inst.

At the Chester, Eng., races, Archer won eleven out of the fifteen races in which he rode.

WILLIAM SMITH has ten horses at Mystic Park, including Trampoline, 223, and Eve, 227.

FREDERICK HAIGHT's stable at Lexington includes Noontide, 220½, and Frank B., 223.

THE contest between Hanlan and Ross has been arranged to take place at Winnipeg on July 3.

HARRY MORGAN, of Pueblo, Col., recently offered to fight Jack Murphy, of Leadville, Col., right off the reel for \$100.

JOHN TROUT has added the br. m. Clemmer G., with a four-year-old record of 2:28½, to his excellent stable at Beacon.

PITTSBURGH PARK has opened a 2:25 pacing class for July 4. The purse is \$1,000 and the entries will close on Saturday, June 17.

MISS ELISA VON BLUMEN at Detroit recently defeated five horses, the latter trotting in heats twenty miles to the former's ten.

AT Louisville, Ky., May 23, the Merchant stakes for all ages, mile and a furlong, was won by Hindoo, with Checkmate second, in 1:50½.

THE entries to the regatta of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association, to be held on Creve Coeur Lake, June 23 and 24, are coming in slowly.

AT the Louisville, Ky., Jockey Club meeting the Tobacco stakes for 3-year-olds, mile heats, was won by Mistral after running a dead heat with Gus Matthews. Time 1:32½.

JERRY HARTIGAN, the noted sporting man, who is mine host of a sporting saloon at Chatham Square, was stabbed by John Coleman at 3 A. M. on Sunday morning, May 21.

TOM FOX, of San Francisco, Cal., the collar-and-elbow wrestler, was recently defeated by Tom Nolan of S. C. in a collar-and-elbow match at Santa Cruz under very suspicious circumstances.

AT Erie, Pa., on June 22, John E. Welsh and Dr. H. Harney are to run 5 miles for \$250 a side. The race will start from the Lone Fisherman's Hotel and the POLICE GAZETTE is to select the referee.

FREDERICK GEBHARD has matched Eole against Pierre Lorillard's Barrett. The race is to be run at Sheepshead Bay in June, the conditions \$5,000 a side, at two miles, with full weights, 118 lbs. up.

JAMES SCOTT, a member of the Allegheny fire department, was seriously injured at the burning of the court house at Pittsburgh. He is a well known sporting man and well known throughout the country.

IN the POLICE GAZETTE post-office department we have letters for James D. Shields, John L. Sullivan, Steve Taylor, John Purcell, Jim Frawley, Frank White, Harry Jennings, A. Frey and Arthur Haggan.

GEORGE DUFRANE, the well known pedestrian, desires through the POLICE GAZETTE to return thanks for favors received while at Baltimore to Messrs. Philbinals and Prof. Kimball, Thomas Burke and others.

JAMES and John Golden, the popular trainers, have a string of 23 equines at Mystic Park, the most prominent being Kentucky Wilkes, 221½, "Police Gazette," formerly Emma B., 222; Robert Lee, 223½; Pratt, 228; Monroe, 230.

PETE MCCOY and Bob Farrell, the well known pugilists, will be tendered a grand joint benefit at Harry Hill's on Thursday, June 15, on which occasion there will be great attractions and a glove fight in which Bob Farrell and Pete McCoy will meet all comers.

COL. H. F. CLARK, president of the Amateur Rifle Club of New York, and Maj. Leech, captain of the Irish team who shot at Creedmoor in 1878, are in correspondence relative to an international rifle shoot between teams of the Irish Rifle Association and Amateur Rifle Club.

AT Epsom Races, May 25, the Royal Stakes was captured in fine style by Lord Bradford's four-year-old bay colt Limestone. Lord Hastings's three-year-old chestnut filly Silver Bell was second, and Lord Rossmore's (formerly Mr. Lorillard's) four-year-old bay colt Passaic, third.

HAGER PEARCE, of Sydney, N. S. W., who rowed second to Elias Laycock when he won first prize in the Walker Regatta, has been matched to row John Langan over the Thames championship course for £20. Laycock is backing Pearce and Devereux, of Stockton, Eng., is backing Langan.

COL. TRUMAN B. TUTTLE of the Forty-seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., offers a prize of \$50 to the marksman making the highest official score in the competitions for membership in the American international team to be shot between the British Volunteer team and the American team at Creedmoor in September next.

ANOTHER Maud S. has turned up in the sale of a six-year-old mare, by Western Chief, dam Calanus, with a record of 2:24½ by C. B. Tonaley, of Fort Atkinson, Wis., to H. D. McKinney. It is said that she received

this title before Vanderbilt's famous mare was known to the public. Mr. McKinney will call her Maud S. T. hereafter.

JAMES ELLIOTT, with his backers, John Styles and Los Curtis, were at this office on the 24th ult. to arrange a match to fight John L. Sullivan for \$2,500 and the championship, but Sullivan failed to appear being out of the city. Elliott appears eager to fight the Boston pugilist and the latter should either give up the title of champion or arrange a match with Elliott.

THE London Sporting Life says: "We have received £10 from F. J. Lees, of Sheffield, to make a match with F. Wood for the 100 miles championship and £50 a side; the winner to take the gate money, and to ride at Sheaf House Grounds, Sheffield, on June 10. The Sporting Life to be stakeholder and to appoint the referee."

HERE is a chance for ambitious bicycle riders, John S. Prince, the champion, now residing at Boston, sends the following: "I hereby challenge any four professional bicycle riders in America to ride a twenty-mile race; each of them to ride five miles, and I will complete the whole distance. I have deposited \$10 in the hands of the editor of the Bicycling World, who will be stakeholder. Race to be for from \$50 to \$100 a side."

THE glove fight for the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal for colored pugilists, will be fought at the Alhambra Sporting Theatre, West 27th street, near 81st avenue, on Thursday afternoon, June 8, at 2 P. M. Hadley, of Bridgeport, Conn., has won the medal twice, and if he succeeds in winning the medal this time, it will be his own property. He will have to contend against the colored pugilist of Adrian, Michigan, who is said to be a wonder.

ON June 13 James Weeden and Owen Maloney, the well known pugilists of the Smoky City, are to fight at catch weights according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$1,000, \$500 a side. All the stakes have been posted with Richard K. Fox and by latest advices we understand both pugilists are in training. The battle ground is to be selected in West Virginia, the scene of many a hard fought contest. Both pugilists have a large number of admirers and great interest is manifested in the affair.

EDWIN BIBBY's challenge, backed by \$250, now posted with the POLICE GAZETTE, to wrestle Joe Acton Graco-Roman, for \$500 a side and the championship, has not been covered. If Acton means business why don't he cover Bibby's money. If Acton does not cover Bibby's money and agree to wrestle in New York, which is more than half way between Acton's home in Philadelphia and Bibby's home in New York, there will be no match. Bibby means business and there is a barrel of money behind him.

AMONG the prominent trotting horse owners represented in the list of the entries in the Chicago meeting for July are: Commodore W. H. Klinton, St. Paul; W. J. Gordon, Cleveland; Alden Goldsmith, Washington, Ky.; R. P. Pepper, Frankfort, Ky.; W. H. Wilson, Cincinnati, Ky.; O. A. Hickok, San Francisco; C. F. Emery, Cleveland; Robert Steele, Philadelphia; Bud Doble, San Francisco; W. K. Armstrong, Almont, Mich.; R. C. Pate, St. Louis; R. B. Conkling, Greenport, L. I.; E. S. Stokes, New York, and H. C. McDowell, Woodlake, Ky.

THE great French turf event, Prix Du Jockey Club or French Derby, was run at Chantilly, France, May 21. The race is a sweepstakes for 3-year-olds, 1,000 francs each, 600 francs forfeit and 500 francs if only declared, with 50,000 francs added; second horse to receive 4,000 francs; one mile and a half. The race resulted in a dead heat between Count F. de Lagrange's chestnut colt Dandin and M. M. Ephrussi's bay colt St. James, between whom the stakes were divided. The third place was secured by M. A. Desvigne's bay colt Jasmin and the fourth by M. A. Lupin's brown colt Cimier. Seventeen ran.

ON June 6, on the Harlem River, the eight-oared shell race between the Metropolitan and Dauntless boat clubs' picked crews promises to be interesting. The distance will be two miles straightaway. It is understood that the winning crew will challenge the crew that proves victorious in the Harvard and Yale race. The following are the crews: Dauntless—David Roach, stroke; H. W. Walter, W. G. Demarest, S. B. Pomeroy, H. W. Peckwell, E. F. Raynor, S. B. Hazard, Fred Fortmeyer, bow. Metropolitan—James Pilkington, stroke; William Appie, P. Nagle, M. Ryan, H. Thomson, R. Schile, R. Kent, J. Strenghelser, bow.

DAVID H. BLANCHARD, the gentleman who gave the great championship stallion race at Mystic Park in 1874, which Smuggler won, has engaged Beacon Park, Boston, for Sept. 14, 1882, when he will give a purse of \$10,000, open to trotters of the 2:17 class. The conditions are peculiar, and very attractive. The entries close June 1, and a nominator is not required to name his horse, but simply to send his own name with the cash. He has then earned the right, if he confirms it by subsequent payments, to start any trotter that he can control on the day of the race, provided the animal has not beaten 2:17 prior to June 1.

A MILITARY athletic meeting under the auspices of Company B of the Twelfth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., was held at the Regimental Armory, May 20. The principal events were won as follows: Half-mile run, Charles J. Leach, Company B, Twelfth Regiment, 3:10½; 220 yard hurdle race, handicap, George Bleekman, Company B, Twelfth Regiment, scratch; sack race, J. H. Hocking, Company C, Twelfth Regiment, 27½ s.; tug-of-war, Thirteenth Regiment Team; one-mile run, George Collier, Company A, Seventh Regiment, 5:30½; one mile handicap walk, J. H. Hocking, 7:01½; three-legged race, Seventh Regiment Team; five-mile run, A. Rehagge, Thirteenth Regiment, 28:25; three-mile walk, J. H. Hocking.

THE Duke of Westminster's chf shotover, by Hermit, with 117 lbs. up, ridden by Cannon, won the English Derby by three-quarters of a length from Lord Bradford's b. c. Quicklime with 122 lbs. up, Pierre Lorillard's ch. c. Sachem with 122 lbs., third, H. Ry-mall's b. c. Bruce, 122 lbs., the favorite, fourth. The race was run in 2:45 2-5, which is 4-5 s. faster than Irons won in last year and is the fastest since Kismet's 2:44 in 1876. There was considerable enthusiasm, the Duke of Westminster, who was with the royal party, being loudly cheered. The royal party included the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg.

GEN. WM. S. TILTON, of the Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me., has written a strong letter commending the \$10,000 2:17 race to be given by Mr. D. H. Blanchard, Sept. 14, in which he says: One of the

great weaknesses of our present system of trotting is the moral fallacy that owners shall not only furnish a sport but that they shall also contribute the money to make up the purses for which they contend. This is not right or just and Mr. Blanchard's high sense of honor has, no doubt, led him to see the wrong and to correct it by his novel plan of giving owners a better chance for their money than the present system affords. This liberality will doubtless double the number of entries and performers. Then the people, always ready to assist in a first-class and honest trotting race, will turn out and do their part."

IT has been decided that the boat race between Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, and Wallace Ross, of St. John, will take place at Winnipeg, Man. No formal agreement has been arrived at, but Hanlan has named Winnipeg, and, unless Ross consents to row the race there, Hanlan may object to any other place named by the New Brunswick sculler, and in the event of their failure to mutually agree on racing water, the stakeholder is empowered to name the place after May 20. In all probability Toronto Bay would then be named as the race-course, and the oarsmen would probably be obliged to row the race there without receiving a purse from the citizens. The Citizens' Committee of Winnipeg offer \$5,000 to Hanlan and Ross to row the race there, and in addition, give Hanlan \$2,000 for an exhibition, and pay the expenses of journeying to the great Northwest incurred by Ross.

THE following explains itself:

NEW YORK, May 27, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

I hereby challenge anyone for a match at club-swinging, C. H. Hoey, of Natick, Mass., preferred, for \$250 to \$5,000 a side, or if Hoey is afraid to swing against me, as I know he is, I will match Geo. W. Fair, of South Natick, Mass., to swing a match with him for \$100 to \$500 a side. I am very anxious to meet Hoey, and Fair is in the same frame of mind. There are lots of Hoey's friends who think he can swing clubs and I would like to show him that he does not know the first rudiments of club swinging. To prove that I mean business I leave a deposit of \$100 in the hands of the POLICE GAZETTE. Now let me see what Hoey and his friends are made of. Yours truly, GUS HILL, Invincible champion club swinger of the world, backed by the POLICE GAZETTE for \$5,000 to swing anyone living.

A LARGE crowd of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office on May 20 to witness the giving up of the stakes, \$1,000, in the recent hard glove contest between Charley Norton and Jim Frawley, which the former won. Wm. Hussey, Frawley's backer, had notified Richard K. Fox that he protested against the stakes being given to Norton. A lawyer also engaged by Frawley's backers stated that he had been retained by Frawley's backers to enter legal proceedings for the stakes. Richard K. Fox handed the money to Norton in the face of the lawsuit. He said the pugilists had posted their money and agreed to a referee and the referee had declared Norton the winner and that he should receive the stakes. Among the crowd present when the stakes were handed to Norton, were James Elliott, John Styles, Tom McAlpine, Leonard Tracey, who is matched to fight Alexander Brown, Bennie Green, who is matched to fight Jim Murray, George Holden, Tommy Clark, Los Curtis and many other sporting men.

ON May 20, the Columbia College (N. Y.) athletes held their twentieth field meeting at Mott Haven and did well in the numerous games. The events commenced with the decision of two ties in last year's meeting in a running high jump. The first was won by J. Foster Jenkins, '84, with a record of 5ft. 3½ in., and the second by George Taylor, '81, with a like record. A dash of 100 yards was won by S. Derickson in 10½ s. The mile walk was won by H. C. Taylor in 9m. 14.3-5s. D. B. Porter threw the hammer, weighing 15 lbs, 88ft. 5 in., and O. Bodelsen 81ft. 2½ in. In a half-mile run E. F. Coward came in ahead in 2m. 12½ s. The first prize in the running-board jump was taken by J. F. Jenkins, Jr., and he also took the medal in a dash of 440 yards, covering the distance in 59.3-5s. H. C. Taylor led in the mile run in 5m. 37.1-5s. In putting the shot A. T. Moore was the winner, with a record of 35ft. and 10 in. A 220 yard dash was won by S. Derickson. The bicycle race of two miles was won by R. G. Root in 7:02½. R. L. Lee made the best college record at pole-vaulting, kicking off the bar at 7ft. 6 in.

THE POLICE GAZETTE sporting rooms in William street were packed with sporting men May 24 who assembled to witness the posting of the final deposit for the coming prize fight for \$400 between Alexander Brown and Leonard Tracey, the Brooklyn pugilists. Among the sporting men present were Dr. L. C. Thomas, James D. Shields, Col. Chas. Spencer, Ed. Branch, Bob Smith, John F. Tracey, Eddy Hanley and Johnny Bohanna. Both pugilists were present with their backers. The men are to fight within 100 miles of New York city on June 23d, and their business was to post the final deposit of \$100 a side and toss for choice of battle ground. Ed. Branch, Brown's backer, was the first to appear. Tracey, accompanied by his backer, John F. Canty, and a large delegation of Brooklyn sporting men, came shortly after. After posting the stakes with Richard K. Fox, the final stakeholder, the pugilists tossed for choice of fighting ground, which Brown won. Judging from the business-like way in which the match has progressed the coming battle will be much more interesting than was the first meeting of these men. All the stakes are posted with the POLICE GAZETTE, and Richard K. Fox will give them up only to the winner.

THE following agreement explains the conditions of a trotting match in which Dr. L. C. Thomas is final stakeholder:

NEW YORK, May 8, 1882.

We, the undersigned, hereby agree to make a match for two hundred dollars (\$200) a side between the horse John Slocum and the choice of Mr. J. McCrim slick's two grey horses. The latter to receive one hundred and twenty-five yards (say 125 yards) in each mile. The race to be mile heats best three in five, over Prospect Park mile track. The race to take place on the sixth day of June, 1882, provided it is a good day and track and the same can be obtained, or the first day after that the same conditions can be obtained. The above race to be to harness, expenses and proceeds to be equally divided. One hundred dollars each has been placed in Dr. L. C. Thomas' hands as forfeit, the remainder, one hundred each, to be put up on the 23d of May. Dr. L. C. Thomas is appointed final stakeholder. After the 23d of May all money to go play or pay.

Witnesses:

R. A. Dodgeon, J. H. Young,

JOHN W. CRIMSLICK,

EMMETT H. SMITH,

AT Harry Hill's on May 25, what we anticipated would be a first-class wrestling match between Viro Small, better known as Black Sam, of Vermont, and William Kennedy, of this city, ended in a fiasco. The conditions were collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, best two in three falls, in harness, for \$100 a side. Considerable interest was manifested in the affair and Kennedy was the favorite. Kennedy weighed 185 lbs. while Black Sam scaled within a pound of the New York champion. David McGill, a retired wrestler of Vermont, was referee. Black Sam wrestled on the defensive while Kennedy had to work like a Trojan to gain any advantage. Finally he won the first fall amid the cheers of the crowd. The first bout lasted seven minutes. After resting, the champions again closed and the struggle was interesting. Kennedy could not throw Black Sam, neither could the latter gain a fall from Kennedy. After wrestling forty minutes Black Sam with an outside click brought Kennedy upon his knees and twice afterward had him down on his side, but failed to follow up his advantage and obtain the fall. Kennedy's right arm strap having become stretched, it came below his elbow, when Sam, persistently pulling upon it as hard as he could, used the foul hold to break Kennedy's hold and was successful. The black appealed to the referee, and that official gave the fall against Kennedy on the ground that he had broken his hold. This bout occupied one hour. For the third bout the men worked zealously just six and a half minutes, when, after a hurried consultation with the wrestlers, the referee declared the match a draw and all bets off, much to the dissatisfaction of the crowd.

SOME time ago Bryan Campbell and Tom Walling met to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, at catchweights, for \$1,000, the stakes being placed with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE. The pugilists met in the ring at Oak Creek, Col., on May 8th, to fight but could not agree upon a referee. Since that time Walling notified Richard K. Fox that he was willing to fight and not to give up the money. He further stated that he was satisfied that Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, should fill the position of referee. Bryan Campbell was notified and he at once forwarded the following dispatch:

LEADVILLE, COL., May 25, 1882.

To Richard K. Fox, Prop'r of the POLICE GAZETTE:

DEAR SIR: I am willing to fight Tom Walling at any place or time you may name, and any sporting man you may name are acceptable to me. Further particulars by mail. BRYAN CAMPBELL.

Richard K. Fox, the final stakeholder, who believes when pugilists put up their money to fight that the match should be decided in a *boni fide* manner and that the public should not be gulled by a fiasco, has decided he will not give up the \$1,000 stakes until they have been fairly won or lost, and as both pugilists have notified him that they are willing to fight, he sent the following to the Leadville Herald:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, N. Y., May 26, 1882.

To Bryan Campbell and Tom Walling:

As you have both decided that I shall name the time and place of fighting, and appoint the referee in your prize fight for which I hold the stakes (\$1,000), I have decided that both you and your representatives meet at Evan Morris' sporting house at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Monday, June 26, four weeks from to-day, when my representative shall appoint a place of fighting in West Virginia, within 100 miles of Pittsburgh, the fight to take place within 50 hours from noon of June 26, 1882. This is my decision in the matter and either party failing to appear shall forfeit the stakes.

RICHARD K. FOX.

AT Wood's north side athletic club grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., on May 23d, about 300 persons paid to witness the wrestling match between Martin Dempsey, of Kildare, Ireland, and Michael Donahoe, the light-weight champion. The conditions were best two in three falls, collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$100 a side. Dempsey has a host of friends and they were confident that he would defeat Donahoe, although the latter was 20 pounds heavier than Dempsey and more muscular. Wm. E. Harding had been selected referee when the match was made, but there was so much feeling between the many partisans of the contestants that he at first declined to fill the unthankful position. Finally, though, at the solicitation of the contestants, he accepted. The rival athletes were both in condition, and a determined and protracted struggle was anticipated. In the first bout Dempsey, who, by the way, displayed considerable science, threw Donahoe. As soon as the latter touched the sawdust on his two hips and one shoulder a volcano of cheers rewarded the man from Kildare. His many admirers jumped into the ring and hugged their champion while the cheering was prolonged. The referee was unable to give any decision so boisterous was the crowd. Finally he declared that Dempsey had won the first fall. After resting ten minutes the athletes again met. Donahoe in a twinkling got a hip-lock on Dempsey and in an instant threw him fairly according to the rules. Donahoe accomplished the feat with such lightning rapidity that Dempsey's partisans were dumbfounded and yelled "No fall!" Donahoe's umpire claimed it was a fall, and the referee settled the matter by shouting, "Donahoe won that fall." Intense excitement now prevailed, and Dempsey's yelling friends swarmed around the referee with threatening demonstrations. Dempsey's umpire exhibited his champion's back to the audience and said that only one shoulder had touched the ground and it was a no fall. The referee, however, insisted that it was a fall, and announced that according to the collar-and-elbow wrestling rules, revised by the POLICE GAZETTE, which are now the standard and recognized rules all over the world, "two shoulders and one hip or two hips and one shoulder must touch the ground to constitute a fair fall." Again the wrestlers came together for the final bout. After a sharp rally Donahoe got a grape-vine lock on Dempsey which the latter broke and both fell. Each side claimed the fall, but as both contestants had fallen on their sides "no fall" was the referee's decision. Dempsey started to go to his corner to rest, but the referee ordered him to continue, and again they closed, amid the yells and wild excitement of their partisans. Donahoe "hipped" Dempsey cleverly and threw him fairly on his back, but the referee, in order to show he was impartial, shouted "No fall!" Donahoe's partisans now yelled at the referee, but he ordered the match to proceed again. Donahoe threw Dempsey again, both hips and both shoulders leaving their mark on the sawdust so that there could be no dispute, and Donahoe was declared the winner. The match was interesting and decidedly exciting. Dempsey proved he was a capital wrestler but he was overmatched.

A SENATOR'S WIFE.

The Christianity Divorce Case Reveals Some Cheerful Diplomatic Skeletons.

The testimony in the case of Mrs. Lillie M. Christianity against the Hon. Isaac P. Christianity for divorce develops some fine morsels of scandal. The witnesses whose testimony has just been completed are the sons of the Senator.

George A. C. Christianity testified that Mrs. C. used to be much with his brother Victor and evidently thought a great deal of him and made him her confidant. One night in Washington Mrs. C. made a scene on returning from the theatre and finding that the Senator had opened her bureau drawer and had taken out a letter. When he explained that it was a letter from Victor which he wished to answer, she cooled down. She feared it was a letter addressed to her under the name of Mrs. K. K. Wharton, by Frank Y. Anderson, with whom she carried on a clandestine correspondence. She first spoke to witness about Anderson in 1876, saying he was a gentleman to whom she was once engaged. The Senator was then in Michigan while she was in Washington and she used to go out with Anderson a great deal. She told the boy that Anderson still loved her; that they loved each other dearly; that she loved him better than any other man; that he loved her equally as well and that he was simply waiting for the Senator to die when he would marry her. She used to have his picture on the bureau and would often pick it up, kiss it and say how much she loved him. Once asked witness if he would live with her and Mr. Anderson after witness' father died. Witness continued his astounding story as follows:

When she arrived at Callao, Peru, she told about a Mr. Celoreno trying to get into her stateroom one night, about being seasick and resting her head on Mr. Haight's breast; that he carried her to her stateroom, laid her on the bed and then kissed her. She said Mr. Haight had been very kind to her and at her request father invited him to our house. Once she told about being awakened on board the boat by some one kissing her and when she awoke she found it to be Mr. Haight. She said Mr. Haight had been very kind indeed to her.

Witness then narrated several instances of familiarity between Mrs. Christianity and Mr. Haight, one instance being when he was with them in a carriage and she leaned her head on Haight's shoulder. Upon another occasion she sat in Mr. Haight's lap and fixed his hair, his arm being around her waist. They were very familiar indeed. He used to come into her room while she was dressing and once witness saw his head in her lap.

Once about two o'clock in the morning when witness, Mrs. Christianity and Mr. Haight were at Chila, witness saw Haight come out of Mrs. Christianity's room only partially dressed. Witness entered her room and saw Haight's coat, vest, etc., lying on the floor, Mrs. Christianity being in bed.

Witness then narrated at considerable length the circumstance of Mrs. Christianity leaving the house one night with Mr. Haight and going to the Hotel Maury. She remained there several days, when Mr. Christianity sent witness to her with a message that if she would return home he would receive her and she came.

"Once she said she left father for Mr. Haight and Mr. Haight ought to give her some money; that he would take her and me to Philadelphia and send me to school."

Victor P. Christianity testified to the same facts as his brother so far as the early married life of Mr. and Mrs. Christianity at Lansing is concerned. Being a physician Mrs. Christianity asked witness to procure a miscarriage for her. Subsequently she said the druggist had performed the operation. She told witness she was in love with Anderson and she corresponded with him under the name of Mrs. K. K. Wharton. She often said she loved him better than anyone else on earth and carried his photograph in her bosom. She once wrote to witness asking him to send her a sworn affidavit that he, witness, had committed adultery with her.

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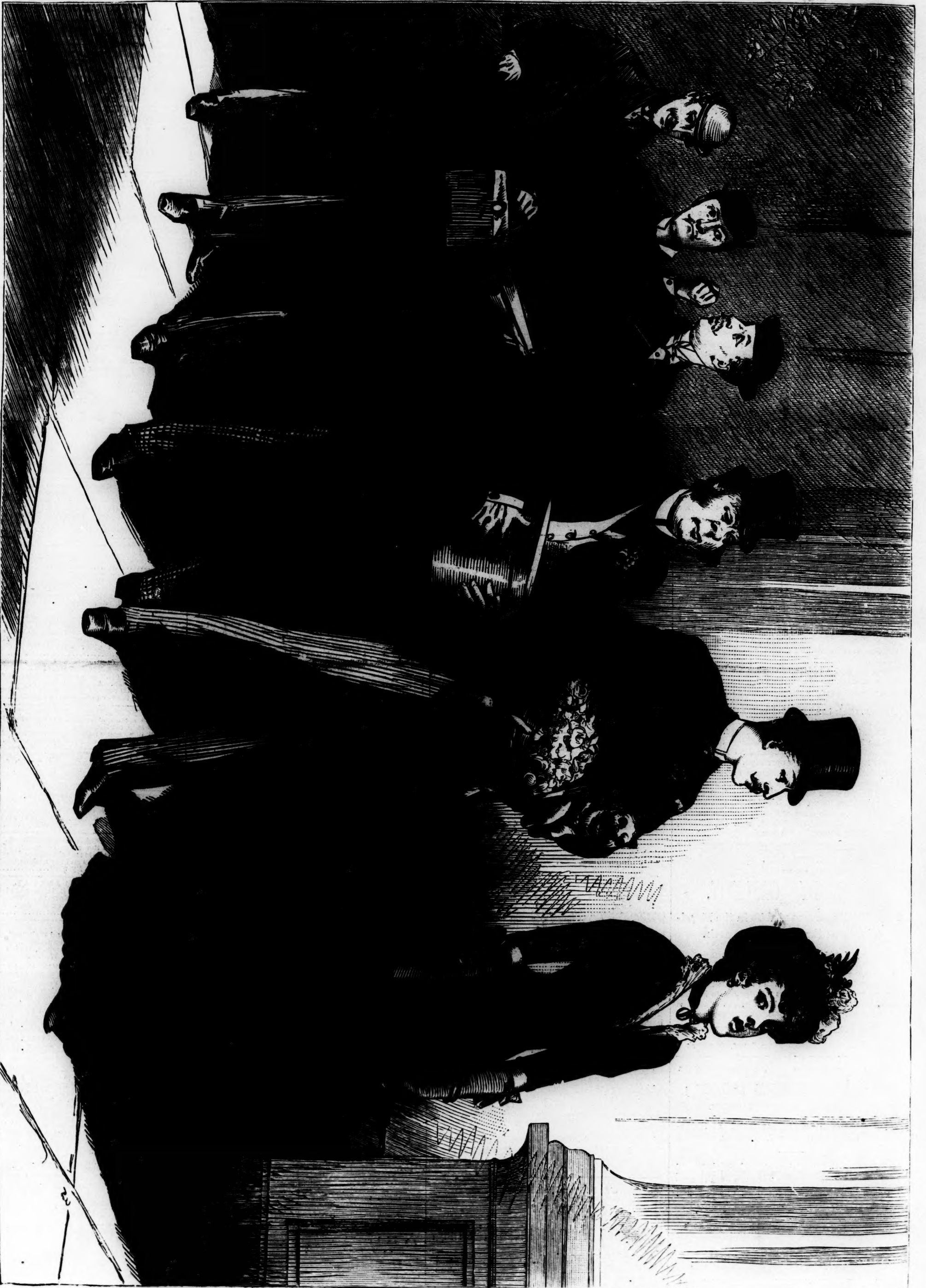
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